

April, 1939

The Liguorian



Arbitration At Home

C. D. McEnniry

•

Double Wedding (Story)

E. F. Miller

•

Seven Last Words

D. F. Miller

•

Catholic Maternity Guilds

J. J. Schagemann

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AMONGST OURSELVES

Are you a "cover-to-cover" reader? In the bag of mail we received in reply to our questions about the merits and demerits of THE LIGUORIAN, we set aside several letters for reverent preservation which said that THE LIGUORIAN was the one "cover-to-cover" readable magazine they received, some of these stating that it attained this distinction in a field of more than a dozen magazines to which they subscribed. Some even begged us not to enlarge THE LIGUORIAN because they found that its present size exactly fitted the amount of their reading time and if enlarged it would have to lose its "cover-to-cover" honors. There is little danger of our enlarging it at the present, as will be ascertained by anyone who cares to investigate the paper and printing costs of a magazine like THE LIGUORIAN. They will find that almost the whole of the eight and a fraction cents they pay for a copy goes right into the cost of its makeup — with a few mills left over for postage and necessary office overhead. Whence do the writers get paid? Only out of the treasury of happy hours and good works they hope to make possible for their readers. Their strongest wish right now is that every one of their readers will have A HAPPY EASTER!

The Liguorian

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VEIL OF GOSSAMER

A veil as thin as gossamer
With a kiss of gold at the end;
A fast-locked door in an archway;
And behind it all is the Friend!

So many hearts are broken,
And wearily strive to contend;
Come to Him then in the twilight;
Come to a Loving Friend!

See where the red light twinkles,
And the shadows gently blend;
Speak, if it be but a whisper,
There is the one True Friend!

Soft is the curtain of silence,
So be not afraid to offend;
All that He wants is your story
Told by your heart to a Friend.

He has suffered as no heart suffered —
All that His Heart could rend;
Now, He is waiting to love you,
Just till you call Him — Friend!

Only that veil of gossamer,
With a sunshine touch at the end;
But we know, and feel His Presence;
Jesus, Our Lord, and Friend!
— *Brother Reginald.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

ARBITRATION AT HOME

C. D. McENNERY

FATHER Timothy Casey stole a glance at his watch and saw it was almost two-thirty. His caller, Mrs. Tanty, had, at long last, finished telling how he should run the parish and how Mother Superior should run the school. Perhaps now she would go. Vain hope! She took a deep breath, adjusted her lorgnette, and launched out on a declaration of how the various governments should run the world.

"It is stupid, positively stupid, Reverend Father, the way the dictators are acting, and not only the dictators, but the presidents as well, and the premiers, and all the rest."

("This outburst," thought Father Casey to himself, "ought not last more than a quarter-of-an-hour. If she goes then, I should be able to catch the trolly and be down town in time to sign that insurance contract at three.")

"Think of the untold benefit to humanity, if all the money and thought and labor, now being wasted on armaments, were employed to provide sanitary homes, wholesome food, healthful recreation."

("Brogan, the steam-fitter, will be still in his shop at four. I must try to get over and see what he can do about that leak in the school boiler.")

"They know perfectly well," the good lady grew more eloquent as she proceeded, "that war never settles anything. Two different nations cannot both have the same territory at the same time. Then why not come to a compromise instead of fighting about it?"

("I wonder whether I could make it to Lakeland Hospital after that. Old Andy is always so happy when I pay him a call.")

"Take France and Italy, for instance. Until a few years ago, they were friendly neighbors. Now they are ready to spring at one another's throats. And all the trouble began with a comparatively minor incident, which could have been adjusted by a little friendly discussion. But, no, each one gets on his high horse and says: 'I am right, and you are wrong. Your demands are unreasonable. There is nothing to discuss.' Such stupidity! — Don't you agree with me, Reverend Father?"

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A direct question. The priest had to snap out of it and give an answer — a stupid answer, seemingly, for he said: "Very true. Very true. The trouble began with a trivial incident. If I remember rightly, it was something about your Pekinese dog getting into Mrs. Mortimer's flower bed."

"I — I — beg your pardon, Reverend Father. I was speaking about the trouble between Italy and France and how easily they could have adjusted their difference in the beginning by an honest, fair and charitable effort at mutual understanding."

"That is what I say," the priest replied, "the unpleasantness between you and Mrs. Mortimer could have been cleared up perfectly by an honest, fair and charitable effort at mutual understanding."

"But — Father! That is quite another —"

"Instead, you began calling one another names — like Roosevelt and Hitler."

THAT got a rise out of her. She dropped international diplomacy like a hot potato and rushed to the defence of her own personal frontiers.

"I do not lower myself," she retorted hotly, "by calling names with such a common, uncultured creature as Mrs. Mortimer."

"You are right in taking that stand," the priest assured her. Then, quite casually: "Naturally, she takes the same stand regarding you."

"She does? The ignorant upstart! Just like her. She has done nothing but carry tales and sow discord ever since she came into this respectable neighborhood, which was a happy community until she arrived. But what can you expect? When gutter snipes come by a little money — honestly, let us hope — it goes to their heads."

"That is what Mussolini said about Eden."

Mrs. Tanty paid no heed to the irrelevant remark. "I simply ignore her. She is out of my life and out of my thoughts. I do not even care to speak of her."

"And you used to be such close friends," the priest insinuated.

"I did receive her kindly when she first moved in. I always try to be a good neighbor to everybody that is the least bit decent."

"I thought you two were more than good neighbors — real chums. Indeed I even heard that you had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance against the president and secretary of your bridge club."

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"That was before I knew her for the mean, spiteful creature she is."

"That is to say, before you knew she could be as mean and spiteful towards you as she had been towards the lady president. There was a time when England and Italy were close friends. Have they both changed so much for the worse? Or possibly does the change consist in this that now their interests collide, while formerly they coincided? As you say so well, Mrs. Tanty, if they would only sit down at a conference table and discuss their differences with honesty, charity and good will, they could arrive at a just peace."

"That is very true; and, as I was saying —"

"Then why not put it into practice? I will invite you and Mrs. Mortimer to tea here at the rectory. Thus you can quietly discuss —"

"I thank you, Reverend Father. It is very gracious of you to make this offer, but I must decline. I have nothing to discuss with Mrs. Mortimer. I should not care to meet her anywhere."

"**W**ELL, we'll drop Mrs. Mortimer. But, at least, you can come here and meet your sister-in-law, Charlotte. This is neutral ground. And so you can settle that unfortunate quarrel over Grandpa Tanty's will. You know it must cause great scandal for two prominent Catholics, two close relatives, like you and Charlotte, to go to law in a dispute about money."

"There is no sense in discussing the matter with Charlotte. She will not listen to reason, and I cannot bear to argue with unreasonable people."

"You mean she will not agree to your having the Tanty residence; neither will you agree to her having it. Now, you cannot both have the same thing at the same time. Why not make a compromise? Neither of you is so poor as to stand in extreme need of this property."

"Of course I do not need the money — would probably give most of it away in charity if I had it. But I will not tolerate her unfairness and presumption."

"After you carry the quarrel to the courts, there will be precious little left for charity, no matter who wins. Costs and lawyers' fees will eat up the most of it."

"Far better give it to the lawyers than give it to her," snapped Mrs. Tanty.

"That is hardly the spirit for a just compromise."

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"In the beginning I should have been willing to compromise and let her have a reasonable share of the inheritance, even though she did not have a strict right to it, but her high and mighty attitude disgusted me. Now I am determined to fight her through all the courts in the land rather than yield an inch."

"Aren't you forgetting about Christian charity?"

"It is not a question of charity, it is a question of justice. I am seeking only what belongs to me, while she is striving to rob me of it."

"Now isn't it strange! That is just what she says about you."

"I am not surprised. It is just the sort of malicious propaganda I should expect from a designing person like Charlotte."

"Isn't it possible — just barely possible — that both of you should be partly right and partly wrong, and that therefore a compromise is the only just settlement?"

"How can she be partly right when she is trying her best to rob me of my lawful possessions?"

"I know Charlotte, and I know she is not *consciously* seeking anything that is yours; she is convinced it is hers. She may be crassly mistaken in her belief; but she really does believe it."

"Then she is even more stupid than I had supposed."

"And remember, Mrs. Tanty, justice does not exclude charity. Even though you have a strict right to the entire inheritance, you would, since you do not stand in need of it, be acting in accordance with Christian charity were you to compromise and thus restore peace among relatives and remove scandal from the community."

"That would be mistaken charity. It is high time somebody taught her a lesson; and I am going to do it. Otherwise she will become absolutely insufferable."

"There, Mrs. Tanty, you are quite right. That is, if otherwise she will become insufferable. I make this reservation, because I know many consider her by no means insufferable, but, on the contrary, congenial, reasonable and generous. So I say, if it is necessary to prevent her from becoming insufferable, you are quite right in teaching her a lesson — provided the required conditions are present."

"What are these conditions?"

"That your lesson will really produce the desired result — that you are duly authorized to give the lesson — that, in giving it, you are actu-

ated only by a motive of charity. Not by spite, not by anger, not by vindictiveness, not by wounded pride, but by true Christian charity."

"FATHER," she laughed a little bitterly, "you make Christian charity a rather difficult virtue."

"Christ Himself made it so — forgive those who insult you, not seven times only, but seventy-seven times — if somebody robs you of your cloak, tell her she is welcome to your coat also — when somebody slaps you in the face, do not retaliate, but turn the other cheek, and let her slap you again. Yes, Christ did make Christian charity a difficult virtue; so difficult indeed that all our time and energy might well be expended in trying to practice it ourselves instead of fussing about how the dictators and the presidents practice it. — We do indeed regret with all our heart the warlike spirit among nations; it has so many harmful results: it causes much labor, study and wealth to be spent for armaments instead of for homes and food and clothing and comforts — it destroys peace and tranquillity — by poisonous propaganda, it sows misunderstanding, suspicion, anger and hatred among nations — it condones rank injustice under the specious pretext of patriotism — it hinders full and free collaboration among scientists in their quest for inventions and discoveries beneficial to mankind."

"Yes, Reverend Father, that is the very point upon which I was dwelling when you — when — we made this petty digression about the neighbors."

"I say," the priest continued, "we do regret the bad effects of this warlike spirit among nations. But, bad as they are, they are nothing in comparison with the evils produced by the warlike spirit among cousins and sisters-in-law and next-door neighbors. Think of the nervous systems it has wrecked, the digestions it has ruined; think of the money and time and labor it has squandered in the most unproductive of all undertakings, that of 'getting even.' If we could sum up all that has been wasted in this way in all the neighborhoods and family circles of the world during the last ten years alone, we should find that it would pay many times over for all the gunboats and battle planes in existence; we should find that it would furnish abundant food, clothing, shelter and recreation for every man, woman and child alive; think of the poison propaganda it has generated, the gossip, the exaggerations, the insinuations, the slander, the calumny, the blasted reputations, the perpetual

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feuds; think of the acts of injustice it has inspired in pursuit of petty revenge; think of how it has warped the minds of the young, smothered the noble sentiments of the mature, embittered the declining days of the aged. There, Mrs. Tanty, is a crusade heroic enough to win the loyalty of every woman in the land — eliminating the warlike spirit from her own heart, her own family circle and her own neighborhood."

"Reverend Father, would you discourage the generous impulse to study the wrongs among nations and to seek to right them?"

"I'll tell you what I would do — I would encourage more serious efforts to practice Christian charity towards the family across the street and less jawing at Hitlers six thousand miles away," said Father Casey.

Not So Modern

One of the things we usually take for granted as the most characteristically modern is our "slang." We just can't imagine anyone of Edmund Spenser's time saying "not so hot" or anybody a hundred years ago using Mae West's tainted phrase, "I'm no angel." But the University of Buffalo has been "de-bunking" the modernity of slang by digging up phrases that are considered acutely modern in books written many years ago. In a copyrighted article on the subject by the NANA syndicate, the following examples are given:

"My better half" (for a wife) — used by Edmund Spenser (1590)

"I'll tell the world." Shakespeare (1623)

"I'm no angel." Becky Sharp in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."

"Fair, fat and forty," Walter Scott (1824)

"Tell that to the marines." Walter Scott (1824)

"All hell broke loose." John Milton (1667)

"Nuts to Jonathan!" John Byron (1772)

"Henpecked husbands." Joseph Addison (1712)

In Praise of Wonder

Professor Blackie, a distinguished professor of philosophy at the University of Edinburgh in the middle of the nineteenth century, said:

"He who wonders not largely and habitually, in the midst of this magnificent universe, does not prove that the world has nothing great in it worthy of wonder, but only that his own sympathies are narrow and his capacities small."

So too, he who wonders not nor sees the wonders of God in His Church, nor recognizes the signs of her divine foundation, does not prove that these are not true, but only that his eyes are blind.

OF BRIBES AND A BRIDE

Jobs are important and very necessary, but here's one man who thought that there was something more important. It cost him a home, a bride, and a future. He did not mind the home and the future—but he hated to lose the bride.

D. F. MILLER

IT WAS typical of Andrew Clarke that as he strode through the down-town streets after the wild scene in the executive offices of Beamish-Quirk-Folsom Co., Contractors, he wore the air of a man who had just bearded a lion, and snipped the lion's beard. He realized that from a material point of view it meant tragedy—both for himself and his young wife. It might conceivably mean trouble deeper than the loss of as good a job as a man could expect to work up to in twenty years time—though he had fallen into the job shortly after his now six-months-old marriage. But this part of it did not quite get into that sphere of his consciousness where it could properly work on his emotions of sadness, worry, or fear. Instead, he was still brightly conscious of how he had told old Beamish off, and of how happily the right words came to him, and how splutteringly inarticulate they had left the thick-lipped old bear-cat.

"We can't take those contracts," Andrew had said, quietly, when Beamish handed him the general specifications of the new municipal buildings and asked him to get out a careful estimate of what the material and labor costs would be. At the head of the sheet, to be the first item charged to the firm, was the cryptic notice: "To A.L., M.O., and R.L. — \$50,000." Andrew knew that A.L. was Aaron Lapp, M.O. was Mike Odin, and R.L. was Ralph Larkin, the ring that ran the city council. He knew that the \$50,000 they would receive meant that, though the law demanded that the bidding on the new job be absolutely open to all and no favoritism be shown, they would swing the \$5,000,000 construction job to Beamish-Quirk-Folsom, and that the \$50,000 was an unvarnished bribe paid in the city's money.

"We can't take these contracts," said Andrew, quietly, when told what he must do.

Old Beamish looked him in the eye. "Why not?" he asked.

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Andrew had snorted. "Because it's the rankest, rottenest corruption ever perpetrated on the willing tax-payers of a community."

A slow surge of blood, more purple than red, climbed the features of the canny executive, and his eyes narrowed. "Young man," he said, "you're impertinent. What's more, you're a fool. This transaction has taken us weeks to cement; we've outsmarted every one of our competitors; we are just about to dip into the biggest pile of nuggets that ever came out of a mine. And you stand there and talk morality to me. Why you —"

"Mr. Beamish," said Andrew, "I suspected something like this was going on in this shop ever since I came here. This is the first real evidence of it that I have." He grew eloquent. "I have but one desire now, as I am on the point of leaving your bright little underworld, and that is to plant my fist on your fat jaw." He took a step forward. "I can't quite decide whether it wouldn't be the shortest way to say what I think. I know you could cover your crookedness up; I know that no boob who tried to convict you would have a chance — that he'd probably end in jail himself. But for all that, you are the scurviest leach that ever sucked blood out of the people to fatten your own paunch. You're nothing but a low-down racketeer."

Beamish, the picture of refinement behind his glass-topped mahogany desk, stood up. There was fright in his face. He looked around for somebody to call.

"Sit down," said Andrew. "You're safe. And you can't fire me, because I wouldn't work for you now if I was starving." He picked up a book and threw it against the protruding stomach on the other side of the desk as a last gesture of contempt. Then he turned and walked out of the building.

As he walked through the streets now there was the same righteous vigor in his step as though he were still trying to get out of the sight of the racketeer.

He was within a few blocks of the swanky apartments his \$300 a month had made possible for himself and his young bride, when something besides self-gratification began to enter his thoughts. He slowed down from his brisk stride to a more thoughtful pace and began to see complications he had not been mindful of before. He had been all prepared to burst in on his wife to tell her the sad news of his being out of a job, and the glad news of the reason why. It suddenly struck him that

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he could not do that. Marion was the daughter of E. J. Folsom, the third partner in the firm he had just quit. If he told her why he quit, it would be like telling Marion that her father was a crook; that very probably a good share of the fortune he had amassed was tainted by the same kind of deals as that which was about to be put over on the city. Moreover, it had been Marion's influence, naturally, that got him the job he had been holding down; he could not tell her that she had put him in a position that no man with a conscience could continue to hold.

He walked briskly around three extra blocks trying to figure the thing out. Finally he decided to tell Marion only that he had a falling out with one of his superiors; they had had words; he had been fired. He was grimly dubious about the reaction of Marion to this tale, but whatever it was, he would have to take it.

IT WAS mid afternoon when Andrew arrived at the apartment. Marion was watering the plants she kept in the beautiful wrought-iron framework before one of the windows in the living room. When the door opened and Andrew stepped in, she turned, with the dainty sprinkling can like a big-barrelled gun in her hand.

"Andy!" she said, intoning her surprise at seeing him at this unaccustomed hour.

Andrew's boyish smile, which was the perfect accompaniment of his trim athletic figure, greeted her, and then he grew serious as he approached to kiss her.

"I'm home early today," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm home for good, if I don't get another job. You have a candidate for the W.P.A. as a husband," he said, lightly. "I lost my job."

Only one who had known security all her life, and who looked on the future as one looks on the sunrise, could have shown consternation like Marion's. Andy's job was to her like her father's fortune — solid, certain, open to unlimited advancement. Her pride in the fact that she had had something to do with getting it for him was one of her great sources of joy. She gasped at the news he had just brought home to her, and then sat down, half dropping the sprinkling can on the floor.

"What happened?" she asked, in a shaken voice.

Andrew sat down beside her and uncomfortably began to explain.

"Well, you see, it was about a big job the firm is just taking over. I was supposed to make out some estimates. But I happened to disagree

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with one of the partners — not your father. He couldn't see my way of things and I couldn't see his. I thought I was right and I stuck to it, and he thought he was right — or rather that I was wrong. We got into an argument and well — the end of it was that I was let out. That's all."

"But," said Marion, "how could you be so foolish? You've been there only five months and you mean to tell me that you put your opinion up against that of the men who have been running the business for years — who have so much experience and success and all that?"

"I'm afraid that's what happened," said Andrew.

"Well, was it so important you had to fight over it?"

"It was very important to me."

"If that's the case, then I'll call up my father this minute and tell him a thing or two. They can't do this to us — just when we're getting a good start." She jumped up and turned towards the telephone. But Andrew caught her arm.

"Don't do that," he said. "In the first place, it won't do any good, and in the second place I won't permit it. We've just got to face this out. I'll go right out and start looking for another job."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," answered Marion hotly. "Another job! When thousands of university graduates and experienced business men are out walking the streets, you think you can go out and get a job! Don't be silly."

"But I'll find something. Of course it probably won't be anything like I had, and we may have to move from this place, but —"

"Andrew!" Marion said, viciously, "we will not move from this place. And you're going to get your position back. If not, I'll know the reason why. I'm going to call up Dad right now —"

This time Andrew dropped his easy-going air. He still had Marion's wrist in his hand, and his fingers closed around it like a vise. "Listen, Marion, you're *not* going to call your father, and you're *not* going to ask him for my job back, and you're *not* going to take any money from him. Is that clear?"

The cry of pain and terror that had approached Marion's lips as her wrist went white in Andrew's powerful grip subsided into a frightened little sob as she saw his clear dark eyes emphasizing his commands. After a moment of almost transfixed silence, she broke into hysteria.

"So that's what you're going to do to me," she said, rubbing her wrist. "Why don't you hit me over the head? Why don't you tie me up

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and gag me so that I can't say anything? You just want to make me live in some old hole where there'll be mice all over the place and bed-bugs and dirt and filth. Oh why did I ever marry you!"

"Please, Marion," said Andrew, "don't carry on like this. You know that I'm willing to slave for you. You know we can beat the world if we stand together. Don't be a crybaby."

But that was just exactly what Marion insisted on being, because the tears began to flow so freely that the rouge and powder on her cheeks became unsightly blurs. Through her tears, Marion said: "I can't help it. It's just too awful. I can't bear to think of it."

Andrew stood uncertainly over her for a few moments, looking down on her with a mixture of love, pity, and unwilling contempt. Then he grabbed his hat and left her alone.

THE upshot of it all was that Marion went back to the home of her father and mother. It must not be thought from the above scene, nor even from her desertion of Andrew, that she was thoroughly weak, self-willed, and spoiled. As a matter of fact the circumstance that Andrew could give so little and so unsatisfactory an explanation of the reason for the loss of his position made Marion's reaction less temperamental than it seemed. She could not understand why in the world a mere dispute over a point of business management could have led to such dire results unless Andrew were somewhat at fault. And she had been spoiled and pampered enough in life to resent deeply anything that interfered with her secure surroundings, if it seemed, as in this instance, to arise with so little reason. The solution seemed so simple, so elementary that the thing irked her more and more every day after the first clash, and the bitterness between husband and wife deepened. What made Marion's resentment against Andrew stronger, was the fact that she could get no explanation of his dismissal out of her father. At her first opportunity, despite Andrew's commands, she had asked him what started the trouble at the office, and he was, if anything, vaguer than Andrew had been.

"Some technical disagreement, I understand," E. J. Folsom had answered sympathetically, but blandly; "the young man thought he was too smart for us. Really, I can't figure him out."

Neither could Marion figure him out, and so when the little that Andrew had saved was almost gone, and he suggested their moving to a

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simpler and less expensive apartment, there was another violent scene. Marion stormed and raged and wept and pleaded. There was nothing Andrew could do to change the trend of events, and so Marion, in a huff, went back to her parents and Andrew went off alone. There was not even a promise of communication between them.

Time passed and Marion, after a few weeks of moping and hiding herself, out of shame, from the view of her friends, gradually slipped back into the gay and active life which centered around the magnificent Folsom home. As a matter of fact, she had been forced to give up moping because it had become almost unbearable. She missed Andrew more and more as time went on; she found herself wondering where he was; worrying about whether he was getting enough to eat; trying to convince herself that he would write, or come to see her, or send a messenger — anything to relieve her loneliness. But he did not write and he did not appear, and Marion finally forced herself into excitement to escape the tortures of being alone. Then one day came the revelation.

She was alone with the servants in the house on a warm summer afternoon, when a man came to the door. He asked for her, was ushered into the living room, and the servant called her from her room. As always, her first thought when she was told the unfamiliar name of her visitor was that it might bring a message from Andrew. She tripped down the stairs and into the living room, poised and expectant.

The man was of middle age, dressed in dark clothes, sharp-eyed and efficient. A half-guess came to Marion's mind that he was an investigator of some kind, and the half-guess was speedily confirmed. He spoke in a quiet, refined manner that could arouse no resentment.

"I'm sorry to intrude on you," he said, "I'm from the Mooney Investigators' Service. We are being employed by the city. You are the wife of Andrew Clarke?" he asked.

"Yes," said Marion.

"Can you give us any information at all as to where he can be contacted?"

An inner terror seized Marion, but she remained externally calm. "Is he — is he in trouble?" she asked.

"No, no," answered the man hastily. "Nothing of the kind. We are looking for some information which we think he can give us. Do you know anything of his whereabouts?"

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"No," answered Marion. "I know nothing. He hasn't written or kept me informed in any way since we separated."

"That was about April 1st?"

"Yes," said Marion.

"Up to that time he had been employed by Beamish-Quirk-Folsom?"

"Yes."

"And very suddenly broke off his connection with the firm?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you the reason?"

"Not entirely. It was some difference of opinion with the president, I believe."

"Thank you," said the investigator with an air of finality. He rose to his feet and without further words except a repetition of his thanks and a good-bye, took his leave.

He left a stunned and excited girl behind him. She felt that she had all the elements necessary for the unraveling of a mystery, and had only to get to work on them to have a certain solution. She went to her room and sat down and began piecing things together.

It was not long before she had it. There was something wrong with her father's firm — she began with that, because, though he had not said it in so many words, the investigator had left it open to be surmised. What could it be? The detective was hired by the city — the city wanted information for some charge. What information? What charge? Now she remembered. Her father was forever talking about the municipal buildings he was working on. The work had begun shortly after she had parted from Andrew. With a panicky feeling she suddenly realized that there must have been something wrong with the deal by which Beamish-Quirk-Folsom got the job. Her father was in trouble — perhaps on the verge of disgrace. . . . Then she forgot her father as the thought smote her with the force of a blow — that Andrew had known that the firm was doing something wrong, that Andrew had quit on account of it, that Andrew had not told her to shield her father.

She covered her face with her hands. In a torment of remorse she cried out: "Andrew — Andrew!"

DETECTIVES work for money, but sometimes they can be outdone by a detective who works for love. Marion decided that Andrew must be found. It may seem strange that she was not even think-

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ing of the danger to her father; only momentarily did the idea come to her that perhaps if Andrew was not found, there would be no charges against her father's firm. In the conflict of loyalties that the whole situation raised, there was hardly a question as to which one she would follow; she had wronged Andrew; he had been generous and honest and willing to suffer to shield her father: she loved him and must find him and tell him so.

It was not easy to find him. She went to the apartment house where they had lived and talked to the lady at the desk downstairs. Had Andrew left any forwarding address? No, he hadn't. Had he come back to visit any of his old acquaintances or friends in the building? She had not seen him. She knew absolutely nothing that could give a clue to his whereabouts.

From the apartment house Marion set out to make a round of the different employment agencies. At the first one she visited the clerk showed her the list, and there was Andrew's name, about tenth from the bottom of nearly a hundred. It was something, however, because there was a telephone number after the name. The clerk obligingly called the number for Marion, but found that Andrew had moved and had left no forwarding address. The result was the same at the other agencies. Either Andrew's name had not been handed in, or if it had, his whereabouts could not be traced.

The day ended with no results, but Marion was not discouraged. She bought all the evening papers, took them home and spent the evening poring over the want ad columns. She made out a list of places still looking for help, where Andrew might either already have found work, or where he might be expected to apply. A complete itinerary for the morrow emerged from her study. . . .

It was weary business, and not very pleasant, going into warehouses and wholesale shops, railroad offices and insurance buildings, boiler rooms and even a foundry or two. It was rather difficult to establish her purpose in the minds of the various types of men she had to face. But she would persist until they would give her a definite answer as to whether they had seen Andrew, and if not, she would try to get them to consent to hold him, if he did appear, until she could be called. One grimy looking straw-boss said to her: "This ain't no Pinkerton department, lady. We ain't got time to hunt lost boy friends for their loving gals."

She had visited about ten of the places on her list. It was time to get

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something to eat. Next door to the last place she had entered was a restaurant whose patronage seemed to consist mostly of men. She did not feel like walking much farther without something to eat, so she paused and looked through the window to see if it was not too disreputable a place for her to enter. Then she saw Andrew.

He was balancing a tray on one hand and talking in an animated voice to a business man. She slipped into the restaurant and sat down at a table not far from where he stood.

Andrew delivered his tray of foodstuffs at the table across from her and then turned and saw her. For a moment their eyes alone talked — his of the loneliness, discouragement, hardship he had gone through and of the sheer delight he could not suppress at seeing her; hers of the remorse she had so recently experienced, and the longing to find him and the love that had never died. Finally he pulled out the chair across from her and sat down.

"I'm worn out looking for you," said Marion.

"I'm worn out missing you," said Andrew.

"I know why you quit your job," said Marion.

"What do you know?" said Andrew.

"About those city contracts and everything," said Marion.

"But what about your father?" said Andrew.

"He'll take care of himself," said Marion. "I'm worried about you."

"I haven't got much of a job," said Andrew, throwing a glance over the cluttered up restaurant.

"It doesn't matter," said Marion. "I'll never leave you again."

"I'll never let you leave me again," said Andrew.

"Let's get out of here," said Marion, "where we can talk."

"But — my job," said Andrew.

"There are lots of jobs. I found out this morning," said Marion.

The proprietor of the restaurant came over and stood at Andrew's side. "It's against the rules," he said, "for waiters to sit down with patrons."

Andrew untied his apron. He took it off and handed it to the man. "Here," he said. "I'm not working here any more. Tell a waiter to bring us some ham and eggs, quick."



To have prevented one single sin is reward enough for the labors and efforts of a whole life time. — *St. Ignatius Loyola.*

Three Minute Instruction

ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

The right of the state to inflict the death penalty on murderers and other dangerous criminals is sometimes disputed by those who do not fully understand the complete issue. Naturally, the dispute raises the question as to what is the stand of the Church and Christian teaching on this important subject.

1. The Catholic Church has always taught that the State has the right to put to death those who are guilty of the more heinous crimes. This right is based a) on the precedents of the Old Testament, in which capital punishment was incorporated in the Mosaic Law by God; b) on the New Testament, which takes it for granted that the State, whose authority is the authority of God for the welfare of the people at large, is "God's minister" in thus punishing great crimes; and c) on Christian ethics, which teaches that the State has the right to defend herself against external enemies by war, and against internal enemies by capital punishment.

2. Many of those who oppose Capital Punishment do so on the anti-Christian ground that criminals are not responsible for their crimes; they should be pitied, perhaps segregated from society, granted luxuries and comforts, but not punished in the real sense of the word. The Catholic Church admits that insanity may at times be the cause of "crime," but holds that in most such cases the evidence of insanity will be clear. But her general principle is that all men are free, responsible for their deeds, and that punishment for their crimes is a necessary means of atonement, and a corrective for their future, and a deterrent to others.

3. While defending the right of capital punishment, the Catholic Church has never either demanded or urged its infliction as the only means of punishing criminals or preventing crime. She leaves that strictly to the will of the citizens and their representatives in the State. Thus it may be intelligently debated whether life imprisonment is as powerful a corrective and preventive of crime as capital punishment.

The important point is that the Catholic Church insists on the freedom and responsibility of the individual, and the duty of the State to punish where freedom is misused in the commission of crime. The great evil today is not the lack of legal punishment, but the legal loopholes through which many criminals are permitted to escape paying the penalty of their deeds.

PHOTO REVIEW

We have finally succumbed to the general trend of magazine journalism and decided to turn photographic. Together with the photos given below, we present our readers with "the stories behind the photos"—something in which we believe we are slightly in advance of our contemporaries.

L. M. MERRILL

EDITING a photographic magazine or a photographic department in an otherwise drab presentation of articles intended for reading is no simple matter. The enterprise bristles with problems. There is the problem of deciding what spheres of human activity are to be represented in pictures; the problem of selecting certain features of those activities for concentrated display; the problem of getting one's hands on the necessary negatives, and finally the problem of arranging them neatly and attractively and tellingly. This last is one of the first rules we have laid down for ourselves; to present our photos "tellingly": they must tell a story. Everybody likes a story, and if you tell it in pictures they will like it that much more.

We have determined to go the limit in "telling." In fact, we are going to tell just about all. We'll tell you where we got our pictures, why we decided to publish them, and even a few things that are not in our pictures at all—and which, according to all good rules of partisan journalism, should not be told at all.

Roughly speaking, a good photographic department should have pictures dealing with 1) movies and movie makers; 2) politics and politicians; 3) social betterment movements; 4) sports; 5) society—its fashions, pastimes, parties, etc. Such a varied fare cannot but please the most fastidious reader (or looker).

AS IN all difficult tasks, we follow the rule of beginning with the easy work. The easy work in publishing a photographic review of the month or week is that of getting some good shots of movie people. All one has to do is write a brief note to the various publicity departments in Hollywood to the effect that you are publishing a picture magazine, and by return mail one's desk is covered with views, negatives, panel photos,

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and snapshots of various actresses (and now and then even an actor) who are in various stages of development towards stardom. Out of this windfall, we have chosen for reproduction the pictures of Bella Blond, newly imported from abroad by Cosmic Cinema, Inc., whom the studio executives are hoping to build up into a ranking star by making the public "Bella Blond" conscious before she ever appears in a movie. Of course, she can't speak English yet, and they are having some difficulty in teaching her such branches of learning as arithmetic, etiquette, how to lift an eyebrow and curl a lip, etc., but these defects do not show in a picture, and by the time the public is conscious of Bella the executives hope to have her trained. The following pictures of Bella we think particularly good:

This is Bella Blond as a child of eight sitting at her father's feet listening to him as he plays the mouth organ. Note the dreamy look in the child's eyes as she thinks of one day playing on the emotions of millions.

Here we have Bella at the age of 18, kissing her mother good-bye as she leaves home and country for Hollywood. The Hollywood agent (not in the picture) worked for over an hour to get the mother to pose this way. Finally he had to offer her fifty dollars.

And here you have, inevitably, Bella Blond in her little bathing suit. We draw your attention to the fact you might otherwise have missed that the bathing suit is made of the new cotton rubber fabric that is becoming the rage. Interesting, eh?

FROM the movie colony we turn to politics. This offers a very ticklish problem, and yet a splendid opportunity. Of course, we have our ideas about politics, and what's wrong with the country, in fact, our analysis of the whole situation in the United States is quite simply expressed in three general principles 1) that the W.P.A. is the worst evil that ever descended upon the country for the simple reason that it makes us pay such infernally high taxes; 2) what this country needs is fewer laws, especially of the kind that in any way hamper us business men in

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employing labor at cheap rates; and 3) as to personalities in politics, we're for the boss who's for us; that is, we support to the last ditch the politician who "plays ball" with our business, gives us a break, lets us in on the "swag," no matter what he does to anybody else.

Naturally we must get pictures that represent our views. It's not hard to get a few cuts of W.P.A. men leaning on shovels, in fact, we can get snaps of any working crew, private or public, leaning on shovels at some moment or other during the day and can call it W.P.A. waste. About the curse of too many laws touching business, all we need is a snap or two of some prominent Senator blasting away at the New Deal. For our favorite politician, we reserve space for a few pictures showing him to be the greatest humanitarian the country has ever known. Here's our selection:

Here is a panoramic view of W.P.A. employees who are supposed to be shoveling snow off Highway Q. Note how idly they stand alongside the road while traffic roars over the stretch they are supposed to be cleaning. This is where the money we pay in taxes goes.

"Business has been shackled to the wheels of a monstrous law-making machine whose purpose is to destroy the country," says Senator Applebach, addressing a committee of the Rugged Individualists Fraternity. Note the righteous wrath of the Speaker and the listeners eagerly taking notes for speeches to be delivered back home.

This is a close-up of 250-lb. political boss Ira (Call Me "Tiny") Scraggs, ladling out soup to his friends—the poor. (Good old Tiny—he'll remember us for this when he ladles out the gravy after the next election.) Note the admiring gaze of the men who have one eye on Ira and the other on the soup. (They are thinking of the ten dollars they got for posing.)

THE "Social betterment" department of a photographic review offers a wide diversity of opportunity. Some very excellent pictures of slum houses can be obtained. Good shots of criminals sulking behind bars can be used to convince the moronic public that crime does

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not pay; and now and then a gruesome picture of an execution, or at least an execution chamber, will ignite curiosity, while it registers one more blow against crime. Also in the field of social service, we can make use of medical pictures — operations seem to be the vogue right now, so we'll give you one. The title of this series will be: "The Removal of Johnnie's Adenoids."

Close-up of Johnnie Smith, aged 8, with pained look due to acute adenoiditis.	Dr. Biffem examining Johnnie's nostrils remarking: They must be removed.	Pretty nurse Jones telling Johnnie a story about Snow White to quiet him for operation.	Johnnie lying prone, while Dr. stands over him with wicked-looking instrument and explains to internes —
"Out come the adenoids," but all you can see is the doctor's back and Johnnie's left ear.	Johnnie waking up looking like a prize fighter after a bad third round.	This picture shows a bottle with Johnnie's adenoids safely pickled for posterity.	Here's a close-up of Johnnie after recovery. Note smile in place of his former pained expression.

NEXT we come to the sport department. Here too the question of selection is very important. There are so many sports, and so many possible poses in each, that it requires firmness to settle on certain ones in particular. We believe we are fortunate this month in possessing some rarely acquired exposures, which should boost our circulation considerably. They tell the story of a ball-game played in the water by a group of extras (female) from Hollywood. The title might be "Relaxing after heavy work on the movie sets." (Inasmuch as it took the better part of an hour to get the girls posed as in these pictures, it could hardly be asked that they actually throw a ball, or swing a bat. But that can be left to the imagination, where it belongs). The rafts were specially constructed for the occasion:

This is the pitcher, ready to throw a fast one.	Here we have the catcher and the batter, neatly balancing themselves on their respective rafts.	This is one of the outfielders, waiting to make a good old grand-stand catch.
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FINALLY, we must have fashions. There are two kinds of fashions, those that people put on in the movies and those that people actually wear in real life. It seems to be an unwritten law of the picture magazines that about the only kind of clothes anybody wears at any time is the bathing suit. No matter how many bathing suits may have gotten into the picture pages, it is fatal not to throw in a few under the heading of fashions. Even in winter, when most readers are thinking of sweaters and overcoats and red-flannel underwear, bathing-suits can be dragged in under the "What-they-are-going-to-wear-next-summer" caption.

In this connection we may as well state that there are twinges of conscience that one must bear up under when going in for this wholesale exploitation of the semi-nude. We realize as well as the next one that this sort of thing is not calculated to promote morality; as a matter of fact, we are quite convinced that it provokes and prods evil curiosity, pruriency, etc., especially in the immature and the weak. But when we suggested these scruples to our partners, they pished and tushed all over the place. "You wanna sell the sheet, don't you?" they asked. "You wanna make money, don't you?"

So we have laid away our scruples in lavender and lace and have prepared the fashion page. After all, it is really artistic, and art is a wonderful thing, you know. Here it is:

What they will wear at Cannes this summer.	What they will wear at Atlantic City this summer.
What they will wear on Catalina Island this summer.	What they will wear at Coney Island this summer.

SUCH a selection of pictures is certain to boost our circulation into the millions. We already have a battalion of line-o-type workers and printers standing by for the huge orders we know we are going to receive. And up our sleeve we are laughing, because while people will send us all kinds of complimentary letters, they won't know that we have found one of the easiest ways of making money in the world. We shall grow rich, making children out of grown men and women.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Are Women greater sinners than men?

If this question means to ask whether there are more sinners among women than among men, the answer is almost impossible to give. It would require far more experience than is within the capacity of a life time to ascertain whether in the main there are more women disregarding the commandments than men.

If the question means, are women greater sinners than men in the degree to which they are capable of falling, the answer may be twofold. In one sense, they are greater sinners than men. This is based upon the axiom which says: "The corruption of the best things make the worst things." Women are naturally endowed with far higher and keener instincts of modesty, virtue, and religion than men. These instincts lead the world to expect a high degree of virtue, religious observance, etc., in women. As a result, when a woman does fall, she is falling from the high place intended for her by God and expected of her by men. The shock experienced at the sight of a corrupt, or blasphemous or sensual woman reflects the world's realization of what women should be.

In another sense, the sinfulness of women may be looked upon as less in degree than that of men. Women are far more subject to emotion than men. Wayward emotions do not excuse sin; but sins committed in cool, calculating rebellion against God are worse than those committed under the influence of strong passion and emotion. The degree in which the emotions are more active and impelling and sometimes blinding in women than in men makes them less fully deliberate sinners than men, in whom reason is more dominant.

Apart from these fine distinctions, it may be said that essentially, all sins are the same: deliberate rebellion against a known law of God. All shall be punished appropriately by the God whom they offend.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

These brief meditations on the seven last words of the Saviour on the cross are intended for those who will not be able to be present at Tre Ore services on Good Friday.

D. F. MILLER

THIS is a hill on which men are accustomed to execute their criminals. Its name is Golgotha, and an execution is scheduled for today. The hour is noon. It is no usual criminal who is about to die. A large crowd has gathered. There are Roman soldiers, and the powerful chief priests of the Jewish religion, and a multitude of the morbid and the curious.

That this is no ordinary criminal one can learn by His words alone. One does not need the memory of how Pilate four times declared Him innocent and then condemned Him lest he himself lose favor with the powers at Rome. One scarcely needs the recollection that He raised the dead and cured lepers and multiplied bread, proving that He was more than man, that He was also God. Perhaps one only needs the prophecy He made one day, when the hard hearts of men would not soften beneath the caress of His words nor the pleadings of His deeds: "If I be lifted up, I shall draw all things to me." He is about to be lifted up, and His words tell the meaning of His life and His death.

1

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Other men curse their executioners. Other men cry out in helpless anguish when hammers are raised to pound nails through their hands and feet. Not so this dying criminal. While the hammers sound against the metal of the nails and the nail points pierce the tender flesh, he keeps on saying: "Father, forgive them."

As wanton strangers, men might listen and learn eternal wisdom from this word. He must have chosen this bitter death; it could not have been forced on one who can cry out in such a way. He must have chosen it because it was needed by men, or because without it there could have been no forgiveness for their sins, else He could not thus pray for their forgiveness when His death is at hand. This is not a man

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who begs forgiveness as a man for his enemies; this is not another criminal paying a penalty for His own crimes; this must be the Redeemer, the Saviour, praying for men in whom sin had bred despair, reminding them that now, always, unfailingly, there is mercy, forgiveness, love, waiting for him who repents of his sins.

2

"Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

The prayer of forgiveness that begets the first knowledge in a stranger that this is more than a human criminal, is enlarged and clarified in His second word. He is dying that men may be forgiven; now he asks that the lowliest, most degraded, most abandoned sinner possible be shown to Him, and He will show what the forgiveness He has prayed for means.

Such a one hangs on a cross at His right. A robber; an enemy of society; perhaps a murderer. He is the stranger in whom the first word begot the knowledge that the One dying thus at his side was dying of His own accord, dying to save someone else from death, dying to bring forgiveness to the world. It is an easy transition of the mind from this knowledge and faith to prayer. But a humble prayer, out of the depths of recognition of all the sins that make him deserving of nothing, he only says: "Lord, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom, remember me."

Listen to His answer. It contains nothing of sadness. There is no rebuke. There is the calm admission that He is the Lord, that He has a kingdom, that He can save men no matter how low they have fallen. "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

The stranger has become a friend. The sinner has been made a saint. The dying man has just been given life. This is the story of Everyman, not merely of the thief on the cross. Everyman is the thief deserving death; Everyman has eyes to see and a mind to understand that the dying Christ is dying for him. In Everyman faith can beget repentance and prayer: "Remember me!" and earn for the smallest price ever paid for a kingdom and a world, the answer: "It's yours — Paradise with Me today."

3

"Woman, behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother."

The dying Redeemer has one real lover standing beneath His cross.

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One who never wounded or hurt Him from the beginning to the end. One who carried Him about in her arms as a baby, talked to Him long hours in the peace of evening, prayed with Him, worked with Him, rejoiced with Him, suffered with Him, loved Him always. It is His mother.

No. Not His mother alone. She was born to be His helper in the work whose consummation is being effected now. Born to be to every human being what she was to Him — a mother. It does not matter that she is the last comfort He possesses when in every conceivable form pain and anguish have attacked His being. It does not matter that it would be sweet to escape in momentary fancy from the hurt of the nails and the fever of His limbs and the stinging smart of blood and sweat in festering wounds and the loneliness created by mockery and insult — to escape from it all in fancy and to seek refuge in the soothing love of His Mother alone.

But it must not be. Her help is needed, not so much by Himself, as by them — these unhappy sinners who know not what they do. She can teach them as mothers only can teach their children. She was born for this. Let this solemn moment give voice to her mission. "Woman, behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother."

The last human support to a soul in agony has been surrendered, that it may support the sinner seeking a pathway to His cross.

4

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It is necessary that One who would die for sin, know every last bitterness that sin entails. There is no bitterness on earth or in hell like that which comes from being abandoned by God. The dying Redeemer goes down into that valley now, where, added to all the torments that cruel men can conceive, is a greater still — that of the utter forsakenness that comes to one who gropes and strains for the presence of Him without Whom hope and love and light and life are dead, and finds Him not.

This is the anguish of the eternal damnation of the sinner. This is the deathless misery of those who have said in lying hearts "There is no God." This is where there is no relief, no dim and distant light pointing a way out of the blackness and darkness of night. This is the God-Man suffering the isolation and the choking oppressiveness of the

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despair of the damned, that not one soul created to the image and likeness of God need ever suffer it from this time on: when abandoned by men He sees Himself abandoned by God and cries in accents that pierce the very skies: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

5

"I thirst."

Men who are ruled by passion and sin see only some bodily need expressed in the cries of others. When the dying Redeemer says "I thirst," these slaves of the body can only think that the torture of bodily thirst is about to wrest his life from their cruel and gloating power. They know how His blood has been drained; they have watched it, drop by drop, from the lash of the scourges, the piercing of the thorns, the stripping of His garments, the driving of the nails, ebbing away. There is no pity in their deed when they offer vinegar and gall to revive Him; only a longing to see Him writhe still longer under the torment they have devised. But there is wonder and amazement when he shuts His lips and turns His head and rejects the relief they have prepared.

They could not know that there is a deeper thirst than that of the body. The thirst of a lover for a loved one's love. The thirst of a Creator for gratitude from the creatures He made out of nothing. The thirst of the infinite heart of the God-Man Who came on earth seeking friends and found enemies instead. Perhaps Longinus alone recognizes the thirst that spoke on the lips of Christ; for he alone steps forth from the crowd and gives Him to drink of the refreshment He seeks. Longinus — and a million and a million more who come after him to say: "This is truly the Son of God. To Him I shall give my love."

6

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The soldiers and mockers around the cross grow weary before the three hours come to an end. They cannot escape fatigue from their constant exertions, from the heat of the midday sun, and from the intensity of their own passions of hatred and fury. Moreover the preternatural darkness that has suddenly descended has sobered them with a nameless fear. In the quiet that prevails the Saviour speaks again: "Father, into Thy hands, I commend my spirit."

He is not speaking for Himself alone. He is speaking for the race

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He represents, for all men who will ever live and ever come to die. Before this hour these words could not be spoken by any man. The children of the Father had been disinherited; they had sold themselves to another master, and until their bonds were broken could not say "Father." The bonds are to be broken now, and the God-Man places on their lips the words that a child and heir can speak announcing his coming home.

So death is being transformed; it is being annihilated for man. No longer shall it be but the stilling of the senses, or the parting from loved ones, or the grim corruption of the grave. Death shall no longer be an end; it now becomes a beginning; a going home, preceded by the words: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

7

"It is consummated."

There are words that express failure, and words that express loss, and words that express despair. Not such the words that are used by the God-Man the moment before He dies. To close one's eyes and to see no cross, to hear these words from the lips of man in any of the thousand circumstances of human life, would be to recognize the exalted enthusiasm of achievement and triumph. "It is consummated," He says, in a clear loud voice; it is finished, accomplished, the important work is done. Then He succumbs to the tremor of death, He bows His head and is still.

It is consummated indeed! The work that has transformed a world from a great vast prison to a freemen's dwelling; the work that has destroyed the gloom and sadness of a fallen race and created joy and laughter and song; the work that has brought to an end the weeping and wailing of slaves and transformed the slaves into children of God! It is consummated — fitting words for the triumph of a God.

What does it matter that, as the triumph had to be accomplished by means of death, so they who would share the triumph must share the death? Time is fleeting and eternity is long, and for all eternity we shall rejoice and be glad that we have not fled from the Master's cross nor shirked the share He allotted to ourselves!

MOMENTS AT MASS

THE INTROIT

F. A. Brunner

In a high Mass, when the priest and servers enter the Church from the sacristy, there is sung by the chanters a processional song called the *Introit*. The priest himself recites it silently at the epistle side of the altar after he has finished the prayers at the foot of the altar.

1. *The Historical Significance of this Chant.*

The Introit is, as the name implies, an entrance chant; it was sung in earlier days while the officials of the Mass passed into the church and up the aisle to the sanctuary. Like all processional songs, it was designed to make articulate the meaning and mood of the procession. An ancient volume which details the activities of the early Popes, the *Book Pontifical*, claims that it was Pope Celestine I—he reigned from 422 to 432—who inaugurated this usage. The statement may be inaccurate, but at any rate the Introit is duly noted in the ritual books of the early sixth century.

2. *The Structure of the Introit.*

As it is sung nowadays, the Introit consists of an antiphon or refrain—taken usually from the Psalms of David—to which are added a single psalm verse and the doxology, *Gloria Patri*. Since the Introit was originally intended to occupy time while the ministers of the Mass proceeded to the altar and were vested, it is clear that the single psalm verse and the added doxology present a remnant of the entire psalm which was once sung in this place, the antiphon being repeated after each verse till the preparations for the Mass were completed.

3. *The Meaning of the Introit.*

As the first public action of the Mass, the Introit is a sort of overture which sounds the chief motifs of the day's prayer and sacrifice, which crystallizes in letters and melody the meaning of the whole Mass to follow. "Just as in an overture the principal musical theme is heard, so in the Introit the mystery of the feast or its mood finds expression." The Introit is a proper or variable chant changing with the occasion, and thus presenting subjects for reflection in accordance with the special character of the day or feast.

PALM SUNDAY'S "DRY" MASS

An interesting point of medieval devotion to the Mass, surviving today almost solely in the service of Palm Sunday.

F. A. BRUNNER

HAVE you ever heard of the so-called "dry Mass"? In the Middle Ages it was, in many places, a favorite devotional custom to recite the prayers of the Mass without including the Offertory or Consecration or Communion. For obvious reasons this service received the name of "dry Mass." Guy of Mont-Rocher, a theologian of the early fourteenth century, popularized this form of prayer. Indeed, in some monasteries it was at one time obligatory on the monks to say such a "Mass" in their cells after the conventual Mass had been sung in chapel. In the diocese of Clermont the *Missa sicca*, as it is styled in Latin, was in use down to the seventeenth century, though elsewhere the practice had been abolished as liable to abuse. After all, this "dry Mass" consisted of little more than the prayers, instructions, and chants of the Mass of the Catechumens, liturgical forms well suited to excite piety and inflame the heart with thoughts of God.

But the "dry Mass" has for us more than a mere antiquarian interest, for a classical example of this type of service is in use in the Mass ritual today. It is the ceremony of the Blessing of the Palms on the Sunday before Easter.

A glance will suffice to show the similarity of this ritual to the form of holy Mass, even to the inclusion of a preface and the succeeding *Sanctus*. The form of the Blessing, it is true, is artificial and shows evidence of late composition — by "late" is meant approximately the ninth century! — but the fact of similarity is beyond question. A tabular view of the two services — Holy Mass and the Blessing ceremonial — will help to make the point clear.

Holy Mass

A. Preparatory Service:

1. Introit.
2. Collect.

Blessing of Palms

A. Preparatory Service:

1. Entrance chant: *Hosanna*.
2. Prayer: *Deus, quem diligere.*

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|---------------------------------|---|
| 3. Epistle. | 3. Reading from <i>Exodus</i> . |
| 4. Gradual Responsory. | 4. Responsory <i>Collegerunt</i> . |
| 5. Gospel. | 5. Gospel. |
| B. Sacrifice proper: | B. Blessing proper: |
| 6. Offertory. | 6. (No corresponding rite.) |
| 7. Secret prayer. | 7. Prayer: <i>Auge fidem</i> . |
| 8. Preface and <i>Sanctus</i> . | 8. Preface and <i>Sanctus</i> . |
| 9. Canon and Consecration. | 9. (No corresponding rite.) |
| 10. Preparation for Communion. | 10. Preparation for Distributing the Palms. |
| 11. Communion, Communion Chant. | 11. Distribution of Palms, and chants, <i>Pueri</i> . |
| 12. Postcommunion prayer. | 12. Prayer: <i>Omnipotens</i> . |
| 13. <i>Ite, missa est</i> . | 13. <i>Procedamus in pace</i> . |

This sketch may fail to show the intrinsic beauty of the Blessing ceremonial, but it cannot fail to indicate how carefully the rite was formed and with what "sacramental" piety it was prepared. And it should not fail to inspire us with a greater reverence for the ceremonial of the Church.

Dark Outlook

"Upon returning to the United States after a three months' absence in making an economic and social survey of Venezuela and the neighboring Dutch Islands of Curacao and Aruba, during which time home newspapers and radio news broadcasts were avoided, the writer was astounded to note the animosities, the lack of self-discipline in our people, the selfishness and greed which animate the various "pressure" groups in our social life. In the midst of all this turmoil, it is impossible to appreciate the ill-will which prevails, the utter lack of charity, the absence of any spirit of co-operation among these groups, with each other or with the Government, for the welfare of the country. Capital is apparently on a sitdown strike against the Government unless it can dictate the rules of the game. Labor, divided against itself, is jeopardizing measures to establish by law even subsistence wage standards and humane working hours, and farmers are indifferent to the welfare of the workers who buy the produce of their farms."

—Michael O'Shaughnessy.

DOUBLE WEDDING

The star reporter gets himself into a mess with his friends and anguish for himself before his mistake creates happiness all around.

E. F. MILLER

JOHNNIE MORTON sat deep in a corner of Gazello's Grill and pondered the perversity of fate. He was on the verge of two great steps: first, of losing his job; secondly, of losing his girl. He knew that one would follow on the other as day follows on the night. Either he would retain his job and Mazie with it, or he would lose his job and remain a bachelor. Mazie was that way — a redheaded little minx who believed in law and order and the conventions of the day, and who would become Johnnie's wife only on the condition that he would reform his ways and become a gentleman. He must stop his gadding around with tramps and prizefighters and every old Tom, Dick, and Harry that came along; he must give up all drinking, even beer; he must comb his hair and wear a hat and settle down to respectability. Then the wedding bells might ring.

Those were indeed hard conditions, for Johnnie was the star reporter on the Evening News and, of course, no man could be a star reporter and a gentleman at the same time. In fact it was only through his gad-about habits that he had become a star reporter. While the chaps on the other papers were sleeping or eating or getting a haircut, he would be talking horses or the policy racket with One-Eyed Peter or Gyp Sampson down at Tony's. And then the big story would break right under his nose and he'd have it for himself. The others called it luck; he knew better.

At the same time it was due to his popularity that he was about to lose his job. In the course of his assignments he had come to know every big shot in town, and being an extrovert and a glad-hander of the first water, he could not meet big Jim Kelly day or night without discussing for long hours the state of New York politics; neither could he see Joe Galvin, The Press's Sports Editor without going into the pros and cons of the Yank's chances of repeating. And of course all discussion with anybody was sterile unless it was oiled with sundry quick ones taken

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without water. He knew every bartender, playboy, pickpocket and politician in town by his first name, as well as every priest and minister and rabbi of any importance. He knew so many people that he no longer had any time for work, with the result that two of the town's best stories got away from him without his even knowing it. The Boss was sore and threatened to throw him out unless he turned over a new leaf and turned in something worthwhile.

Thus Johnnie was very sad as he sat in Gazello's grill and drank lemonade. If he'd get tossed out in the street, that would be all Mazie'd need to give him the bounce. And he loved Mazie so much that a bounce from her would be enough to make him do a flip off Brooklyn Bridge. Something would have to be done to save the day. But what? His brain was dead, his limbs heavy like lead, and his energy as flat as an empty balloon. He had kept his bone dry pledge for two months. Perhaps one tiny swallow now wouldn't do any harm. He ordered the "swallow," drank it down, and promptly fell into a deep sleep. In that sleep he had a dream. He dreamed that George Williams and Susie Smith came up to his table and that George slapped him on the back and said:

"The deed is done and the die is cast, Johnnie. All we have to do now is cross the Rubicon. In other words, so that your feeble brain will get it, Susie and I are going to make a one man team of it. We're getting married. Congratulate us."

"And me you can kiss if you want to by way of congratulations, Johnnie, though why you have to pick out a place like this to do it in is a mystery unsolved," said Susie.

"That's all right by me just this once," put in George. "But what we want you to do is — get a piece in the paper for us. Will you?"

JOHNIE rubbed his eyes and gave himself a good kick in the shins to make sure he had been hearing right. This was sensational, news that would be news. He'd have his job secure and a bonus besides if he could swing it, for George and Susie were always worth a column even in the Christian Science Monitor when anything, no matter how trivial, happened to them. They were just the kind that made good copy at any time. The reason was obvious.

George was amateur State golf champ of men, and Susie was the same for women. George was the strong, stubborn type who believed that woman's place was in the home, and that therefore Susie had no

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business gadding around the country in all kinds of weather when she should have been home learning how to play the piano and bake bread. He wore horn-rimmed glasses, a heavy, black pompadour, and a face long enough to do good credit to Bishop Cannon and the W.C.T.U. Susie on the other hand was the smiling, happy-go-lucky type that could have as much fun in a rain storm as in the sunshine, who felt just as much at home in a pair of grass-stained slacks and a tattered sweater as in an evening gown. She was a beauty of a rare kind and didn't know about it, or if she did, didn't give a rap.

Susie and George were in love, but nobody knew about it except Johnnie and Mazie, and a few of their friends. In fact the only thing the outside world knew about the whole business was that the last time George and Susie had met, (which meeting had taken place on the green of the 18th hole at the Parkmore course) they had had a tremendous fight, and Susie had hit George on the top of the head with a putter. They parted implacable enemies, swearing never again to speak to one another as long as they would live. But they were in love just the same, and all who knew could see it in their eyes everytime they got within a block of one another. All they needed was a push to go off the deep end. But who was to give them that push? Not Johnnie, for he had no desire to mix in with flying golf clubs; not his friends, for they valued their health too; nobody else knew anything about it. And so Susie and George were going their way, each one too proud to say the word.

And here they were, come out of a blue sky, to announce the news themselves. The newspaper that would get that story first would make a kill.

"You mean that?" Johnnie finally asked when his first surprise wore off. "You're really going to get married?"

"You bet we are," answered Susie, "or I'm going to have the Marines out to do a quick shooting job. Valentino here has kept me on pins and needles long enough."

"And you George?" asked Johnnie.

"Sue is right," George responded. "We've been acting like a couple of kids and it's about time we got some sense. She promised that she'll give up golf after the Spring Open, and that's O.K. by me. We'll be married in July, and we want you and Mazie to stand up for us. How about it?"

"Thanks a lot, old fellow," said Johnnie. "You bet Mazie and I'll

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be on the job if we have to fly the ocean to do it." He called the waiter and ordered a round of drinks just to celebrate. When he turned around, George and Susie were gone, and he was sitting alone at the table in the corner with but one empty glass before him.

"Where the dickens did they go?" he asked himself, looking around the room. "That's deucedly funny. Here a minute ago and now disappeared into air." Well, he couldn't bother solving mysteries now. He had work to do. Moving over to the telephone, he put in a call to the Boss.

"You owe me a bonus for this one," he said over the wire.

"Oh yeah!" came back the answer. "The only bonus you'll get, my lad, will be a kick out the back door unless you get on the job. Spill it. What's on your mind?" Johnnie told the story. "Jeepers!" he heard. "That's news for the front page." The receiver clicked onto the holder and Johnnie hung up. He went back to his place and called Gus Shapiro from behind the cigar counter to sit down with him and do a toast. Mazie wouldn't have any kick now. He could already hear the wedding bells.

IT WAS late that night when Johnnie arrived at his apartment. He opened the door and walked in, but not more than three steps. There seemed to be a crowd before him. George Williams sat in one corner; Susie Smith in another, and from the looks of both of them, there was a heavy storm ahead. A large policeman was leaning heavily against the fireplace; nobody was talking. Johnnie stood there for a moment, wondering what it was all about. Then the thought came that they must be up to talk over the wedding. Susie undoubtedly picked up the policeman on the corner and brought him in to take part. She was always doing things like that. He laughed.

"S'funny," he said, "but for a second I forgot about you, Susie. George, forgive me."

Still silence. There was something funny afoot.

"What's up? What's wrong? Susie, what's happened? Did somebody die?" He was beginning to get scared.

The only answer was a newspaper pushed under his nose by George, and a curt "read that." Johnnie didn't have to read it, once he saw the lead. It was his own story under his own name.

"Sure, that's mine," he said. "But what's the matter with it. What'd I say that you don't like?"

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"Say?" thundered George leaping to his feet. "Say? the whole rotten thing, that's all. Who ever told you to say anything? You must have been having a pipe dream. It's a lie from beginning to end, a dirty lie that we're going to make you eat to the last crumb. Get me?"

"A lie?" asked Johnnie just as loud. "Now who's kidding? Why, it wasn't four hours ago that you and Sue came into Gazello's and told me yourselves that you were going to get married. What kind of a fast one are you trying to pull now?" He took off his hat and coat, threw them on a chair, and went over to Susie. "Listen, Susie," he said, "what's got into that big piece of cheese over there. He doesn't drink, I know. What have you been feeding him? Go over like a good girl and tell him he's lost his memory."

"But he hasn't lost his memory," Susie answered angrily. "You're the one who has lost your mind. Pairing me up with that — that — " She covered her face with her hands and began to cry. Then she went on. "When I first read it in the paper, I called up Mazie to find out what you had done. She didn't know. So I came over here and found this big — big beast here."

"You called up Mazie?" again shouted Johnnie. "Ye gods, Susie, why did you do that? Don't you know that I'm in the dog house already? I thought you had more sense than that."

"Are you talking about sense?" asked George in a nasty tone. "Well, you'll get some where you're going. You see this officer here? He's going to take you down to your newspaper where you'll take back the story you wrote out of your cups. If you won't do that, the policeman will take you to jail. We'll dig up something that'll hold you there. That's clear, isn't it? It'll be either one or the other. Take your choice. Officer, do your stuff."

"Wait a minute," cried Johnnie. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I did mess up things a bit. But you can't do that to me. I'll sue you; I'll break you in two; I'll — "

"Officer," again said George in that nasty tone, "do your stuff."

The policeman approached Johnnie, who in turn backed away.

"Now listen, George," he said. "Let's be sensible. I'll admit that I go mixed up, though how, I don't know." But I can't go back and tell my boss that. He'd fire me so far I'd never land. I need the job. You can't throw a pal out of work just because he made a mistake. Send this copper home, and let's talk it over."

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"Sorry, old chap," answered George. "It's either or."

The policeman began to amble across the room, saying: "Get your hat, Sonny; we're going for a ride." Just then the door swung open and Mazie ran into the room, flushed and out of breath.

"Johnnie, Johnnie," she cried. "What have you been up to now? When Sue called me, I knew at once that something had happened and I've been frantic trying to get over here." Then she noticed the policeman for the first time. "And what are you doing here?" she asked him. "Go home. We don't want you. Johnnie, tell me, what's the trouble?" She pushed the officer aside, put her arms on Johnnie's shoulders and whispered. "It's no use trying to hold out any longer. I know how good you have been the last two months, and I've missed you terribly. Now tell me what's wrong."

Johnnie told her. When he had finished, Susie turned to George and said, "I'll wave my privilege of sending Johnnie to jail, George. I can't do it after seeing this. And you'll have to do the same. I don't know whether you've got a heart or not; sometimes I think it's nothing more than an old stone. But whether or not you've got a heart, you must let Johnnie go."

"And allow that story in the paper to go on? Do you want that?" George asked. "I thought you hated me enough to do anything rather than have your name associated with mine."

"Who ever said I hated you? It's only your pig-headed imagination that made you think up such a silly thing. I don't hate you at all."

"All right. If it's O.K. with you, it's O.K. with me. But Johnnie'll have to figure out something to get us out of this. That's final."

THEY sat down and began to concentrate. A dozen plans were suggested: a trip to Europe by George till it all blew over; a denial of the story on the plea that it was written by someone using Johnnie's name; an admission of the engagement and then a public breaking of the engagement. These and twenty other schemes were proposed and cast aside. Finally Mazie jumped to her feet and cried excitedly. "I've got it, I've got it."

"Name it," they said.

"Why, simple. You two are in love, aren't you? Well, actually get married. That will make the story true, and your troubles will be over."

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Silence followed the announcement. George looked at Susie and Susie at George. At length Susie said.

"It's your move, George."

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Never meant anything more," she answered.

George arose from his chair, went over to Susie and drew her to her feet. "You're not kidding?" he asked.

"On my word of honor," she answered.

"All right, then, this settles it." He kissed her smartly. Then turning around, he grasped Johnnie by the hand and said, "It's all your doing, Johnnie. Thanks, old man. I owe you everything."

"That's easy," said Johnnie, looking at Mazie. "We'll make it a double wedding. Are you on, Mazie?"

Another moment of silence followed. Then Mazie went over to Susie, lifted her right arm towards the ceiling, raised her own in the same direction, and said, "On is the word. And we hereby pledge and promise to make men out of our men — to teach them common sense and the ways of civilization — or die in the attempt. May the angels help us."

"Amen," answered George and Johnnie.

Orestes Brownson to the Dictators

"It is precisely its denial of individual freedom, and its accumulation of all rights and powers in the state, rendering the state unlimited, that constituted the weakness of the Graeco-Roman society, and prepared its final dissolution. Why did Rome fall before the attack of the northern barbarians? It certainly was not for the lack of population, of wealth, of military science and discipline, or political organization, for in all these respects she was vastly superior to the Goths, Vandals, Franks, and Huns, who invaded her empire, and finally seated themselves on its ruins. Why then did she fall? She fell for the lack of freemen, for the lack of men, who felt they had personal rights and dignity to defend, — because the mass of her population were slaves, and it is only men, free men, who have the courage and the energy to sustain a state, and repel the enemy from its frontiers."

Strange Religions VI

THE RELIGION OF APOSTATES

How much people need religion—even those who have never exercised their minds for three consecutive minutes to find out what religion really is—is being demonstrated constantly by the way in which they keep talking about it. People, as everybody knows, can give up the practice of religion; but they cannot stop thinking about it; and when a newspaper or magazine conducts a forum or asks for opinions, it is usually these apostates who rush into print. The conclusion is inevitable that even apostates have a religion—it consists of self-deluding excuses—padded convictions that religion “did them wrong” or failed in some way to come up to their expectations.

From a magazine that conducted a survey of opinion, we quote the statements of these disgruntled apostates, with very little comment, to show how utterly inane and vapid are the excuses objectively considered. Not one seems to realize that religion is not something that priests, ministers, writers, publicity, can make or unmake, but the rational relationship of an individual towards God.

“From the pulpits of thousands of Churches the message of Christianity is issued by ministers who lack suitable personalities.” (Whom does this man want to worship? a minister or God?)

“As a child I was deeply religious, but the hypocrisy of the Church has killed that spirit.” (This poor lady probably mistook an Elmer Gantry for the Church.)

“The Catholic Church (this from an apostate Catholic) compels poor people to contribute regularly and builds great beautiful cathedrals out of our sweat and life-blood. . . . And what does it give in return? Only a vague promise of some mythical reward in a world after death that nobody really knows anything about.” (The lady never thought to ask—who wants a big, beautiful cathedral if there is no God and no life after death? If somebody wanted her money for himself, he wouldn’t be putting her money into big “profitless” cathedrals.)

“Emotional religious preaching gives me a feeling of bitterness and insincerity which does more harm than good.” (A woman, this—and just another of the type who abhors “emotions” in others, but lets her own emotions—feelings—make her irrational. Why not try a little reasoning of your own, madam, if you can’t stand emotion in others?)

This sort of thing could go on endlessly, but it would all end in the same blind alley. Man is called a rational animal; but sometimes the only proof he gives for it is in finding reasons for being unreasonable.

HOW DEPRESSIONS ARE ENDED

Once more we feel impelled to trot out old Diogenes with his lamp, going about seeking his honest man. When a lamp is no longer needed for the search, we shall have a happy land.

E. F. MILLER

IN REGARD to the relations between labor and capital we are still in the stone age. One of our prominent Catholic economists is quoted as having said that it will take years before the proper adjustments can be made. If we continue plodding along as we are now plodding, it will take centuries.

The reason why such slow progress is being made is mostly due to a misunderstanding of the issues in the struggle; and as long as issues are misunderstood, social programs can have about as much of an effect as can have a few grains of sand thrown into a strong wind. We note the same wild ignorance on the question of Russia. Most people do not seem to understand that the issue in Russia is freedom or slavery, no matter how much such terms as "democracy" and "proletariat" are bandied back and forth. Because people do not understand this, a little Russia is allowed to bounce and breathe and grow strong on the fruits of freedom as they are found in the United States.

The same blindness is evident as to the issue in the struggle between capital and labor. Some say it is over-production; others, lack of governmental control; still others, disunity and disorganization between industry and farming; and so on. We say that it is most of all and almost entirely an issue of *justice*. These others are minor issues, important and serious to be sure, but minor issues none the less.

Justice is the foundation on which a sound economic system must stand, or not stand at all. It is the foundation on which all the participants in an economic system must stand, or be lost. Note, we say, *all the participants*; not a few here and there, but *all*. Right here we have the precise point of failure.

Reams of paper are poured out of the Catholic presses proclaiming the injustices of the capitalists; armies of pickets and sitdowners

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and strikers are encamped to ram justice down the throat of the capitalist. Justice has become a one-sided affair. No one seems to think that it is a virtue obligatory on everyone, rich and poor, employed and unemployed. The employer has no monopoly on it; the employee cannot escape from it. It is the same sin in species if the factory owner deprives his workers of a living wage as it is if the worker cheats the factory owner by sabotage or destruction.

JUSTICE must hang like the sun over the whole country before we can expect any success in our campaign for better times and a happier future. Justice must be made the virtue of the majority before it can effect the actions of the minority who do not believe in it. To be forever spreading a biting salve on a sore suppurating on an arm, and to be forever neglecting entirely a leprous rash that is covering the whole body will cure neither the arm nor the body; for in the destruction of the body, the arm will perish too.

We feel that such a leprous rash is covering the whole body of society—the middle man who runs a grocery store on the corner, the doctor who runs a dispensary down town, and the poor man who ekes out a miserable existence in the slums. While these people are loud in their condemnation of the injustice of the high and mighty, they are forever trying to escape the demands of justice on themselves.

Perhaps their actions, strictly speaking, are not unjust on every count, but they smack of injustice, they cling to the edges of the scum, they demand the services of a casuist or a moralist to free them from the stinking stigma of disease. As soon as men hear that they are not actually blackening their hands by their actions, they cease to worry about a bit of dirt under the fingernails, or a rim of grime around the wrist. They seize every opportunity to make an extra dime here, or deprive the neighbor of an extra nickel there.

Here is a man who owns a grocery store in a residential district of the city. Due to the competition that he finds on all sides he must sell sugar and butter and flour at a price which he thinks is unfair. If he raises the price, all his customers will flock away to some other grocer, and he will be left out in the cold, or be forced to find employment on the W.P.A. He knows that the labor he puts into wrapping up a pound of butter, and the service he gives in doling out a pound of sugar are worth more in dollars and cents than what he is actually

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getting. What does he do? He gives underweight, justifying himself on the score that actually he is not giving anyone less than what he has coming.

Across the tracks there lives a man who is working in a furniture factory. He is a poor man, and is receiving a notoriously low salary for the eight hours he puts in each day at his bench. Furthermore he has a large family, and an unfurnished house. He thinks that his employer is capable of paying a much higher wage to his help, for is he not riding around continually in a large, luxuriously upholstered car? Does he not take his trips across the ocean every other year? Does he not make at least \$50,000 a year from his factory? Why then does he not treat his workers better? Well, if he refuses to do it, there are ways and means of balancing the record. Thus the poor man takes home with him each night, secretly and under cover of darkness, a piece of this and that until his home is completely furnished with borrowed furniture which he no longer considers borrowed, but his own property. Neither does his conscience bother him; neither do his actions keep him from going to Holy Communion once a month or oftener. He's taking, so he says, no more than what he has a perfect right to possess.

Surrounding this man's poor house are three or four dozen other houses equally poor. They shelter men and women and children who live, but do little else. A movie every three or four weeks for the children is a joy to be looked forward to for days, and relished long after it has faded from the screen. An occasional outing in the country in a relative's car is an escape from the worries of poverty for the grownups that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. These people, because of their poverty, consider themselves immune from the law of justice when it comes to rifling the coal cars on the tracks near by, and thereby supplying fuel for the house. They have pride in their poverty, and rather than ask for help, they prefer to steal help on the plea that the world owes them a living.

A HALF a mile or so distant there is a chain store. Everybody knows that this chain store employs girls at ten dollars a week. Sadie Smith and Georgiana Jakonowitz work there and they have told the story time and time again so that nobody with ears can be ignorant of the cheapness of those who employ them.

At the same time the chain store sells everything at least two cents

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cheaper than can its competitors. They can do it, paying such starvation wages to their help. But the housewives of the neighborhood do not think of this. They only think of the two cents saving. And so the chain store is constantly crowded to the doors on week days as well as on Saturdays, and Sadie Smith and Georgiana Jakonowitz continue to get their ten dollars a week, though they have been promised a cut within the next month, or a layoff, since so many girls have been clamoring for work. With such a demand for jobs, wages of course can continue on the downward scale. It's better to make some money, even though it be very little, and live, than to make nothing, and die.

Meanwhile the independent stores in the neighborhood, which are privately owned, and which are trying to pay a living wage are forced to the wall because they cannot compete with their less scrupulous rivals who claim no responsibility because they come under the aegis of a corporation.

Are these things seriously wrong? I do not think that is the question. Whether wrong or not strictly speaking, they smell of injustice, they are the friends of injustice, they are just the props needed by large-scale injustice to flourish and grow fat. If the conscience of the American people were so tender that it could not bear the thought of having any part no matter how small in any injustice, then the low-paying chain stores, department stores, five and ten cent stores would soon go out of business for want of patrons. People of other ages sacrificed their property, their lives, their all to maintain principle. All the American people have to do is sacrifice a penny here and a penny there. A cheap enough price for better conditions and a healthier justice.

But the American people will not do it. The examples given here are but a few of countless that could be given. A book might be filled with the petty crimes of ordinary respectable men and women who find the injustices of the rich so intolerable. Perhaps it is too much to ask the ordinary man to practice justice in his own particular sphere in order to win heaven. But is it too much to expect him to practice justice in his own particular sphere in order to save society and to protect himself?

THUS we think that more emphasis should be laid by orators, magazine writers, teachers, and confessors on universal justice

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rather than on isolated cases of injustice. Let a nationwide campaign be started that will effect every city, village and hamlet. Let this campaign have for its motto: "Justice first in the individual by the individual for the individual." Let storekeepers, foundry workers, factory men, W.P.A. laborers, dressmakers, candy salesmen, housewives and children all begin to apply it to self. We can see the muddy and contaminated stream of selfishness and self-seeking which are so capable of breeding the germs of capitalistic injustice slowly flowing from the land. Then will there be a healthier and more solid meeting place for capital and labor.

This then is the issue between Capital and Labor.

Trials of an Editor

The song says that a "policeman's lot is not a happy one"—but a still better song could be written about the lot of an editor. If you don't believe it, consider this announcement that had to be made by a pioneer newspaper out west called the Rocky Mountain Cyclone:

"We begin the publication ov the Roccey Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing oph-phice phaled to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a seriour aphair."

Men Want Wives - Not Lilies

In a questionnaire sponsored by a leading South-American paper, among the various answers given in reply to the question: "Why is it that so few of our young men get married?"—one response catches the eye.

"Because so many of our young women are like the lilies of the field—they labor not, neither do they spin; but I say to you, not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these."

CATHOLIC MATERNITY GUILDS

This is an authoritative presentation of the Maternity Guild plan, written by its originator and promoter. While it is presented here in theoretical form, its elements are based upon the things learned from practical experience in the formation and direction of successful Maternity Guilds operating in several dioceses of the United States.

J. J. SCHAGEMANN

BIRTH-CONTROL, the misleading term denoting birth-prevention by contraception, is rebellion against a serious law of nature, and therefore always a grave sin. The late Pope Pius XI, while recognizing the unfortunate economic situation of our time, yet reaffirmed this important truth when he said: "No difficulty can arise that justifies the putting aside of the law of God which forbids all acts intrinsically evil. There is no possible circumstance in which husband and wife cannot, strengthened by the grace of God, fulfill their duties faithfully and preserve marital chastity unsullied by this foul stain."

The Catholic Maternity Guild offers a solution for the problems involved in the above. Christian charity inspires first the use of supernatural means for the avoidance of sin, but it also impels to the use of material means to facilitate the attainment of this object. The temptation to contraception increases with the advent of every additional child in a family. But contraception is not the solution both because the end never justifies an evil means, and because those who promote it, pretending to be interested in the welfare of the poor, are actually trying to deprive them of their greatest rights and joys. The Catholic Maternity Guild offers a solution, not as though science and organization alone can solve this problem, but as a support for the supernatural means it recommends first and foremost to married people.

The Guild Plan is based on the Encyclical "Of Christian Marriage," both in purpose and in methods. From the Encyclical it is learned that "joint aid by those placed in similar circumstances" and "the founding of public and private guilds" may be instrumental in solving the economic problem which causes grave concern to parents with limited means. The Guild, aiming primarily at the prevention of the sin of contraception and the promotion of the primary end of marriage, ac-

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cepts these suggestions of the Holy Father and makes its "key" objective the removal of the economic arguments often advanced for sin.

The *National Catholic Women's Union*, the women's section of the *Catholic Central Verein of America*, has been promoting such Guilds for several years with marked success. A number of Guilds are functioning effectively in various dioceses at the present time.

Nature of Maternity Guilds

Catholic Maternity Guilds are associations in which the faithful of both sexes, married and single, co-operate for the promotion of the final end of marriage, namely, the procreation and education of children. The Guilds are both an exercise of Catholic Action according to the wishes of the late Holy Father, and are organized in strict conformity with Canon Law.

According to Canon Law, there are three kinds of associations of the laity: secular tertiaries, confraternities, and pious unions. These last are defined by Canon 707 as "associations of the faithful founded for the promotion of some work of piety or of charity; if they are constituted in corporate form (i.e., with gradation of officers) they are called *sodalitia* (sodalities). It is significant that Pius XI used the term "*sodalitia*" in his Encyclical on Marriage when suggesting public and private guilds for the material assistance of families.

It is not necessary to form a Maternity Guild directly; instead, the work of the Guild may be taken over by an already existing Church Society. Whether the Guild is directly formed or whether its work is undertaken by some other parish organization, it may be said to participate either in official Catholic Action or auxiliary Catholic Action. Official Catholic Action is organized activity of the laity in a diocese under the direct mandate of the bishop. In one diocese, for example, every parish was organized into a Catholic Action unit by the bishop, and the particular parish societies, while carrying on their own special work, were instructed to stand ready to undertake activities ordered by the bishop. A few years later, the bishop issued a special mandate to one of the parishes to establish a Maternity Guild, suggesting the possibility of raising it to a diocesan institution later on. The Guild thus became official Catholic Action. But even when the Guild is not functioning directly under the bishop, it is fulfilling the idea of "auxil-

itary Catholic Action" defined by Pius XI as the activity of associations not directly under the bishop but local to a parish or district, for the promotion of piety and religious formation, or for charity and benevolence. Thus the Guild is a work of charity and benevolence coordinated both with Canon Law and Catholic Action.

Objectives of the Guild

The first objective of the Guild is Maternity aid. "First consideration," said Pius XI, "is due to the offspring, which many have had the boldness to call the disagreeable burden of matrimony." Actual financial assistance is afforded to family members of the Guild through funds obtained from the various classes of members: *Founders* or *Patrons*, who contribute out of abundant means to the Guild; *Sustaining Members*, who contribute regularly but lesser sums; and *Family Members*, who contribute not only for their own benefit, but also for the other members and the deserving poor. Thus charity and mutual co-operation take the place of selfishness and sin.

This offer of financial aid tests the sincerity of those who present the economic argument as their sole motive for practicing contraception. More than that, it turns into virtuous channels the huge sums of money that are squandered on the purchase of the means of contraception and the physical evils that often follow on their use.

False philosophies are abundant today, promoting particularly a so-called emancipation of woman. Frequently this so-called emancipation is but seeking escape from responsibilities imposed by the Creator, on whose fulfillment the eternal happiness of women, and even their peace on earth, depend. The Guild insists on the natural and supernatural principles, that parenthood is a blessing, that to accept the pleasures of matrimony and to evade its duties is a crime, that society has an obligation to make the fulfillment of those duties as easy as possible for the married. Moreover it supports the strong lessons of its practical action by educational means, instructions, lectures, publications, etc., that help parents to understand their rights and privileges.

The second objective of the Guild is the Christian education of children. The primary end of marriage is not only the procreation of children, but also their education. No Catholic activity concerned with

helping parents can be unconcerned about the great task of education that belong primarily to parents. Sometimes, even where maternity aid is not needed, there will be need of material assistance for the Catholic education of their children, and of enlightenment as to what a Catholic education means. The Guild is formed to provide these things.

As such it is a means whereby the primary right of parents to educate their children will be safeguarded against the possible encroachments of a paternalistic State. Catholics have always claimed the right to a share in public funds allocated to the support of schools; but they have likewise always been conscious of the fact that a government that subsidizes Catholic schools might also try to control them. The Maternity Guild's plan of assisting parents in the task of providing a good Catholic education for their children obviates the need of subsidy and the danger of outside control. To those of the Guild members who have no children of school age, the work of assisting in the proper education of children should appeal according to the words of Pius XI; "Whatever Catholics do in promoting and defending the Catholic School for their children is a genuinely religious work and therefore an important task for Catholic Action. For this reason the associations which in various countries are engaged in this work of prime necessity are especially dear to our paternal heart."

Procedure for Forming a Guild

In speaking of Catholic Action, Pius XI called it "the laity welded together into a power of the hierarchical apostolate, for vigorous and effective action." To make the Maternity Guild a vigorous arm of Catholic Action, three things are needed: obedience, prudence, and charity.

1. *Obedience.* "Catholic Action is nothing else than the apostolate of the faithful who, under the guidance of the bishops, place themselves at the service of the church, and help her to fulfill integrally her pastoral ministry." (Letter of Pius XI to Primate of Belgium, August 15, 1928) As a first step, then, the mandate of the bishop of the diocese must be obtained for the study of the Guild plan with a view to local conditions. The final approval of the constitutions and by-laws

and the canonical approval of the statutes is also to be left to the bishop. This will confirm the proposed work as apostolic Catholic Action. While Canon Law praises the faithful who enroll in associations, it also declares: "No Association is recognized by the Church, unless it has been erected by the competent ecclesiastical authority, or at least approved by it."

2. *Prudence.* Prudence is defined by St. Augustine as the knowledge of what to seek and what to avoid. The Guild must avoid possible interference with public authority.

The Guild is an association of Christian charity. This virtue is exercised by the offer of respectable relief, with no hint of the usual odious connotations of that term. The family members who receive assistance themselves practice charity by contributing annually a modest sum of money, from which both they and their associates will benefit, as well as the deserving poor. That is why they contribute even during those years when they do not have to look for assistance. This is not therefore an insurance scheme, but self-help and mutual help on a supernatural basis: Love thy neighbor as thyself.

The members of the other classes likewise make their contributions in the spirit of the virtue of Christian charity. Hence, they do not pay dues in the ordinary sense of the term. Prudence requires that the implication of "insurance" be avoided, both because this would be contrary to the supernatural character of the Guild, and would create conflict with the State's insurance laws. A Guild is defined simply as an association of persons with certain common interests or aims, formed for the carrying out of a common purpose. That the Maternity Guild as such does not run afoul of State insurance laws I have ascertained by writing to the State Insurance Commissioner of Illinois, to whom I explained that the Guild is a form of Catholic charity, assuming no contractual obligation to pay a specified sum in return for a fixed premium, allowing no claims against the Guild, and making all disbursements within the limits of the treasury. He answered as follows: "The program in your letter avoids any implication of insurance, and is purely a benevolent and charitable arrangement to take care of the needy of the various parishes of the Catholic Church. We have no legal objection or jurisdiction in the matter." This decision is of great importance, on account of the interchange of information between the insurance commissions of the several

States. Accordingly, suggested corrections of the text of misleading Guild constitutions and by-laws were sent to the units of the National Catholic Women's Union and are available to all who are interested in the movement.

Prudence likewise dictates the selection of an intelligent and purposefully active personnel of leaders to plan and develop the local Guild. This personnel will be the "cell" or "life-germ" of the project. These original leaders must be men and women leading lives without blemish, devoted to prayer and the frequent reception of the sacraments; loyal to the supernatural point of view; submissive to ecclesiastical authority and guidance; gifted with sound, practical judgment for planning, and with the ability to impart to others a clear idea of the plan; and capable of winning members by the exercise of a truly apostolic zeal.

"To dispose of or at least diminish the material obstacles in their way," the Encyclical calls upon leaders to interest the wealthy, persons of moderate means, the single contemplating marriage, the recently married, and fathers and mothers of larger families, "in the manner pointed out by those of experience" to make the necessary provision. Hence, the membership of the initial committee should be a fair cross-section of all these classes.

Lastly, prudence indicates that the plan of the Guild should be *simple*, though based on a comprehensive survey of all the phases of the local problems of maternity and school aid and the resources possibly available. Complications in operation are avoided, if the elements of a plan, though many in number, are simple in themselves. This principle applies to arrangements for obtaining the contributions of the several classes of members and also to methods of an educational nature.

3. *Charity*. Since the whole aim of the Guild is the exercise of Christian charity, it stands to reason that nothing will be begun or accomplished without this virtue. Charity must make for the harmonious co-operation of the members of the initial committee. It will provide them with tact, which is defined as "the ability to deal with others without giving offense." This will guide the actions of the Reverend Moderator of the Guild, who, as Canon Law directs, is not to make all the decisions personally nor to carry every responsibility on his own shoulders, but to rely greatly on helpful collaboration.

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It will keep all from undue attachment to their own views and will inspire humility and self-forgetfulness for the good of the cause.

It will of course be necessary for the initial committee thoroughly to acquaint themselves with the papal program for Catholic Action and especially the Encyclical on Marriage, so that they may support their efforts to spread the Guild by a background of solid doctrine. Courses of sermons can likewise be arranged to prepare the hearts and minds of prospective Guild Members, on such subjects as Catholic Action in general, its nature as an apostolate, its aims and objectives, the need of lay apostles, etc.; then on the particular form of Catholic Action comprised by the Guild, its nature and objectives, etc. Thus with the initial group thoroughly versed in knowledge of their work, and the faithful prepared by inspiring sermons and lectures, the task of forming the Guild will be rendered easy.

Motives for Confidence

This presentation of the Guild plan in detail may awaken doubts as to the possibility of its realization. Yet there are many reasons for unshakeable confidence that the plan can be effectively carried through.

Natural and supernatural resources are drawn upon for the work. Naturally, it calls for the co-operation of the spontaneous energy of youth with the prudent conservatism of maturer years; for the pastoral experience of the priest to combine with the talents and diversified gifts of the laity. Supernaturally, the sacramental grace of Confirmation supplies all the power needed by every individual who gives himself to this work. Just as the first apostles found themselves, after receiving the Holy Ghost, able and eager to begin the tremendous task of inaugurating the missionary work of the Church, so every Christian of today has been prepared for work like that of the Maternity Guild by the same power from on high.

Objections

It has been frequently objected against this work that there are similar measures of material relief for mothers, and that therefore the Catholic Maternity Guild has no reason for existence. Such objections overlook the complete supernatural objective of the Guild,

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as though it were just another organization for material relief. Its end is the Christianization of the family, to be attained not only through maternity aid but through Christian education. Moreover, most of the governmental agencies and secular institutions for providing relief are not concerned with combating contraception or promoting Catholic education.


Again we are told: "How can this Guild idea succeed? The Government can compel compliance with health insurance laws, but you cannot compel people to join the Guild." Our late Holy Father declared that we can do this, saying: "Thus (by Catholic Action) the faithful will be led by gentle compulsion to fly far from every kind of idolatry of the flesh and the base slavery of the passions." Educative work and material sacrifices constitute the gentle compulsion.

No one can be unaware that the birth control racket is flourishing. The official report of this racket, published late last year, reveals that in the United States, there are 478 birth-control clinics; 107 of them certified by the propagandists, 82 attached to hospitals; 97 in city and county health departments; 158 supported entirely or in part by public funds, some of these latter receiving community chest money.


May the words of Pope Pius XI, as he urged the solution of economic problems in general, be our inspiration for the Catholic Maternity Guild Apostolate: "In the name of God, we conjure all, in the face of such problems, to put aside that narrow individualism that withers up all noble initiative as soon as it is no longer confined to a limited circle of paltry and particular interests."

May St. Gerard, the Mothers' saint, obtain God's blessing on this work of Catholic Action, undertaken in defense of that divine institution, the Christian Family, hallowed by the Sacrament of Matrimony, so that it may remain the citadel of human society, and the glory of the Church of Christ!

AN EASTER WISH



Spring and earth show forth again
Hope in green and golden hue;
Thus be life, and Eastertide
Of holy hope and joy for you.



— W. T. Cullen.

Catholic Anecdotes



BODY BLOW TO INDECENCY

The well-known Gene Tunney, while in the height of his fame as a pugilist, was once attending a banquet given in his honor.

The sponsors of the affair had arranged for a floor-show after the meal, and, as happens frequently with floors shows, this one presented some young women with a minimum of clothing. Mr. Tunney observed the proceeding for a very short time, and then suddenly arose in his place at the speaker's table. Naturally, a surprised silence ensued.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I find this sort of thing indecent and offensive. I must ask you to excuse me." And without another word, he walked out of the room.

The floor-show continued, but in a few moments two or three of the guests likewise arose and left the hall. Several more did the same—and finally those responsible for the floor-show understood what was the matter, and hastened to remove its objectionable features.

SCRUPLES ABOUT GIVING

One day, it is related in *Golden Rules*, the Abbot Elias of Isauria wrote to Pope St. Gregory the Great, whose charity had helped the Abbot's monastery in many a need: "Please send me some Gospel books and fifty dollars."

He went on with his letter, writing about other things, when the thought struck him that he had asked for too much. So he repeated his request, with this change: "Please send me some Gospel books and forty dollars."

Before he got to the end of the letter he was afraid he was still asking for too much, and so at the end of the letter he wrote: "With regard to our needs, perhaps we can get along if you send us thirty dollars."

In answer, Gregory wrote to the abbot: "We send you herewith the Gospel books. As to the fifty dollars which you asked for the needs of your convent, you thought that this sum was too much and you deducted ten dollars; believing that this sum was too much, you took

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off another ten dollars; and still thinking you were asking too much you subtracted another ten dollars, in the end asking for only thirty. Now, as you were so generous, we must not be less so. Therefore, we are sending you herewith fifty dollars; but being afraid that this sum may not be sufficient for your needs, we send ten dollars more; being still apprehensive that even this amount may be insufficient, we have added twelve more. We thank you for the great affection and confidence you have shown us."

COMPARISON

A Protestant had laid plans to assassinate the Duke of Guise, who was a zealous defender of the Catholic Faith. His plans were discovered, and the man was brought before the Duke for punishment.

"Have I injured you in any way?" the Duke asked, kindly.

"No," was the response.

"Then why did you wish to commit such a crime?"

"I wished to serve my religion by delivering it from its greatest enemy."

"Well, if your religion bids you murder your enemies, mine bids me forgive my would-be murderers. I pardon you with my whole heart; judge by this which of our religions is the true one."

EPISCOPAL EMBARRASSMENT

The story is told of Pius IX that, as Bishop of Imola, he once found himself in such straitened circumstances that not a single coin could be found in the house.

In this condition, a woman appeared at the door, begging an alms. The Bishop was quite distressed. Then his eye caught sight of the cover of a silver dish of some kind, which a servant had left lying on the table.

"Take this," he said, "perhaps you will be able to get some little sum for it."

Later on a servant came into the room, evidently in search of the unfortunate cover. Expecting a scolding, he confessed to his master that he had lost — of all things! — a silver cover.

But he was surprised when he found that the bishop was more embarrassed over the loss than himself.

Pointed Paragraphs

A GLIMPSE BEYOND DEATH

The hardest thing about being a good Christian is possessing absolute and unshakeable belief in what is to happen to one in the next world. No one whom we have known has entered that other world and then returned to tell us what they saw and experienced. No signs of it are visible to the naked eye, nor even to the imagination which has a power of exploration not given to the most prying eyes.

That seems to be why it is so easy for men who have a very fond attachment to the world they see, to affect a Christianity that is solely concerned with time and just about denies any relationship of man to eternity. They like Christianity because it promotes justice and fair play and peace; especially if they happen to have a pretty good slice of temporal wealth, Christianity is deemed a fine thing to keep others from infringing on their rights by violence or stealing. They get to a point where they can say, like many a modernistic preacher of so-called Christianity, that there is enough heaven and hell here on earth: heaven for those who happen to have money and pleasures in plenty; hell for those who rob from the rich and eventually land in jail.

That is exactly why Christ arose from the grave after His crucifixion—to give such smug logic a blow from which it would never recover. He could not let living men actually see into the other world, because if they did, they would no longer be free creatures; everybody would be working for happiness in that other world without even a struggle—and nobody would get the insane thought that “there is enough heaven and hell here.” But we certainly have as adequate a proof for the happenings of that other world as any human mind could demand, when, after His own bitter and almost annihilating death, He walked out of the tomb indestructibly alive.

No wonder St. Paul says: “If Christ be not risen, our faith is vain.” Yes, and all this talk about heaven and hell being confined to earth and the mortal years of man, and all those sins committed under the motive that, after all, maybe the next world is a myth, are but the delusions of fools.

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Christ rose, and so we shall rise; and our eternal heaven or hell will depend on how we went down into the tomb of death!

CORRUPT CATHOLIC POLITICIANS

The conviction of James J. Hines, powerful political leader in New York, on thirteen different indictments involving almost every form of corruption and venality in public affairs, is one of those things that make decent Catholics squirm. They read the verbatim account of the preliminaries to the court trial, in which among other routine matters, the defendant is asked:

"Your religion?"

And the bold answer comes: "Roman Catholic."

Then come revelations of almost a life-time of disregard of the seventh commandment, infidelity to oaths of office, underhanded dealings with underworld characters, and all the other rottennesses that only a corrupt politician can conceive. All the while the crook is piously going to Mass, giving of his ill-gotten gains to the poor, making speeches about charity and religion, etc. No wonder non-Catholics whose only knowledge of what Catholics are, is from public characters of this ilk, look dubiously upon the Catholic Church. No wonder they don't reason any further, when a conscientious Protestant is able to convict such a man before the eyes of the world.

It is needed for the record — that such Catholics are the direct opposite of what their faith teaches them to be. We all know they are numerous; almost every big city has examples in its political rings; but true Catholic faith teaches that such men shall burn and burn forever for their crimes, and the fact that they call themselves Catholics will not save them. The only way they can be saved is by a repentance that reaches as deeply into their souls as their sins penetrated into the ranks of society.

This doctrine holds despite all the claims of whining Catholic politicians that they cannot escape corruption in office and hold their jobs. We suggest that before they accept their first bribe or engineer their first huge fraud on an unsuspecting public, they publish far and wide a statement like this: "I am no longer a Catholic; I reject the Catholic interpretation of the seventh commandment of God. Now catch me if you can."

VOCATION WEEK

Ideas are contagious, especially in America. Once upon a time someone conceived the notion of setting aside a week to a special observance of something or other — to the prevention of forest fires, or the promotion of better government, or the elimination of dirty streets. They baptized their movement "Fire Prevention Week" or "Cleanup Week" or "Government Week." Everybody was supposed to get busy and do something about it.

Ideas are contagious. Even Catholics have caught the malady. During March a week was set aside in many schools and colleges for the elucidation, clarification, and explanation of the word "vocation." Talks were given on married life, on the religious state, and on the priesthood. The venture was called "Vocation Week."

Though the idea was copied, it was worth-while. Take marriage for example. There are many, and amongst them Catholics, who don't seem to grasp the notion that it is actually a state in life, something stable and indissoluble, a mold into which people of their own free will cast themselves and remain fixed as long as life lasts. To them it is nothing more than an adventure, a trial at something new which can be put aside without worry if it does not work. I say even Catholics (and not a few) are affected by this mental disease. Though they do not believe in remarriage after divorce, they think that most any excuse is enough to permit them to leave their lawfully wedded spouse, and live their own life just as they please. Vocation Week may straighten out such people in their strange thinking.

Vocation Week also has for its purpose the enlargement of the ranks of the priesthood and sisterhood. Undoubtedly many a girl and boy would make the great sacrifice of leaving all things for Christ were they told how this could be done. The spirit of sacrifice is not lacking amongst the boys and girls of today any more than it was lacking amongst the boys and girls of the Middle Ages.

But we should not stop in our attention to these matters as soon as Vocation Week is over. Parents, teachers, and confessors have a weighty responsibility of explaining and advising not only when a special need arises, but at all times. Only thus can the boys and girls of today find the vocation which God wants them to follow tomorrow.

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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

ON THE MASS

What is Mass?

It is the sacrifice which is offered to the divine Majesty of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine.

How should one hear Mass?

To satisfy the obligation of hearing Mass, two things are necessary: an intention and attention.

1. It is necessary to have an *intention* of hearing Mass, so that a man who is forced to go into church against his will, or who enters only to look about him and see the place, or to wait there for a friend, or for any other purpose except hearing Mass, does not fulfill the obligation. But, should a person hear Mass through devotion, believing that the day is not a holiday, is he bound, when he finds that it is a holiday, to hear another Mass? No; it is enough to have done the work commanded without having adverted to the intention of fulfilling the precept of hearing Mass.

2. It is necessary to hear Mass with *attention* — that is, to attend to the sacrifice that is celebrated. This attention may be external and internal. It is certain that a person who hears Mass without external attention does not fulfill his obligation; for example, if during the Mass you are asleep, or are drunk, or are employed in writing, talking, or other external operations, you do not fulfill the precept of hearing Mass.

It is disputed among theologians whether a person who attends Mass without internal attention satisfies his obligation; that is, if he sees what is going on, but is at the same time interiorly distracted, and employed in thinking not on God, but on other things. Many theologians say that he is guilty of a venial, but not of a grievous sin, as often as he is voluntarily distracted, and that he fulfills the substance of the precept because he hears Mass with a moral presence.

Hence I exhort you, in hearing Mass, to reflect on the great sacrifice which is being offered. Meditate on the Passion of Jesus Christ; for the Mass is a renewal of the sacrifice that Jesus Christ offered on the cross. Or meditate on some eternal truth — on death, judgment, or hell. Let him who knows how to read make use of some little book, or let him recite the office of the Blessed Virgin. Let those who cannot read, if they will not meditate, say the Rosary, or some other vocal prayers: let them, at least, attend to what the priest is doing.

Hence it would be advisable during Mass to offer the holy sacrifice for the ends for which it was instituted. The Mass was instituted, 1. In order to honor God; 2. To thank Him; 3. To obtain the satisfaction for sin; 4. To obtain the graces we stand in need of.

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Everything good is comprised in loving God; and the love of God consists in doing His will.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHY

Blessed Joseph Pignatelli (of the Society of Jesus). By Monsignor D. A. Hanley, P.A. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 269 pages. Price, \$2.75 net.

Monsignor Hanley has a very interesting and instructive story to tell in the life of Blessed Joseph Pignatelli and he tells it well. Father Pignatelli's life falls in momentous days—the days of the suppression of the Society of Jesus and the days of Napoleon.

The story of the suppression of the Society in Portugal, France, Spain, and Italy, especially of the Aragon Province to which Father Pignatelli belonged, is told with dramatic force. The manner in which the Decree for the universal suppression came to be issued by Pope Clement XIV, and how the Society came to find a refuge in Prussia and Russia is described with historic truth and human interest. Then follows the account of Pignatelli's efforts to keep the scattered members together until the time when the Order was once more restored. A touching episode is the meeting again with his brother, from whom he had been long separated, and whom he helped in his dying moment to renew his vows as a Jesuit.

Throughout the narration the heroic figure of Father Pignatelli stands out against the background of historic events, noble, wise, fearless, saintly. Father Pignatelli was solemnly beatified in 1933. Monsignor Hanley tells this story in so interesting a manner that it reads like a novel. This biography takes its place worthily among the modern lives of the Saints. — A. T. Z.

INSTRUCTION

The True Vine and the Branches. By Edward Leen, C.S.S.P. Published by Kenedy. 268 pages. Price, \$2.50.

Father Leen's books of spiritual analysis and instruction have in recent times made his name stand out for two things, penetrating insight into the fullness of Christ's teaching and an almost Newman-like simplicity and grace of English style. In this book he exercises his gifts on the most difficult yet most consoling of

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

Catholic doctrines—that of the Mystical Body. It is not, however, a formally scientific treatise on the subject; there are just fifteen chapters, each one dealing with some

fundamental principle of Christ's doctrine whose understanding is necessary for a detailed study of the complex of truths bound up in the dogma of the Mystical Body. While the whole constitutes an excellent analysis of the dogmatic founts of Christian asceticism, many will be thankful especially for the two exquisite chapters on Mary, the Mother of the Redeemer, and the Mother of the Redeemed. — D. F. M.

Into a Man's World. Talks with Business Girls. By Mary E. McGill, with a Preface by His Excellency, Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press. 137 pages.

Among Catholic journalists no one has deserved and obtained a higher rating than Miss McGill. Her columns in the Sunday Visitor are, we believe, without equal in the field of inspirational and instructive advice to others especially women on problems of their daily life. In this volume she shows herself, as usual, keenly aware of the difficulties and problems that beset a young girl entering the business world; gives practical Catholic advice to suit every problem and every need; shows how a philosophy of life can be developed that will not only insure eternal salvation but will grant one a measure of peace on earth. It is not like ordinary "success" books—entirely devoted to teaching one how to make money and friends, etc., but while it tackles the topic of success, keeps the really important things of life constantly to the fore. — D. F. M.

Staircase to a Star. By Rev. Paul Busard. Published by Kenedy. 128 pages. Price, \$1.50.

Pierot and Columbine are two personifications of the child-like spirit that entitles Christians to share in the wisdom of God. In this book of poetic prose they wander about, striking up conversation with strangers, discussing themes that

intimately concern the nature and prospects of man. The style, we say, is poetic—not in a lush, over-figured way, but in a simple and lucid way that makes its reading one of the most soothing literary experiences we have known for a long time. For a glimpse not only of the stars, but of what lies beyond them, and a gentle commentary on the foolishness of a multitude of our human foibles, we recommend this beautiful volume by the editor of the Catholic Digest.—*D. F. M.*

PAMPHLETS

Miraculous Medal Prayer Manual with Novena Devotions. By The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Emmitsburg, Md. Published by Benziger Bros. Pp. 96 and cover. Price, 20c net.

A neatly printed and illustrated booklet. It contains quite a bit of information besides a translation of the Mass for the Feast of the Miraculous Medal, Nov. 27, and special prayers for novenas in honor of Mary under this title. Should be welcomed by directors of sodalities and others who may be asked about this devotion.—*M. S. B.*

A Way of the Cross for Sisters. By Rev. Eugene J. Crawford, M.A. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 58 pages and cover. Price 25c net.

This form of the Way of the Cross is intended directly for religious women. The meditations are turned upon various virtues of the religious life. The stations are printed in color. The formula for the canonical erection of the stations is also included, the several prayers being translated into English. It is intended for private rather than public and common devotion.—*M. S. B.*

Simple Mass Prayers. By the authors of the "Christ-Life Series in Religion." Published by The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis. 32 pages and cover. Price, 7c.

This set of prayers is evidently intended for children in the lower grades. They are simple in language, in arrangement, in style; but are nevertheless connected with the actual prayers of the missal. A very good point is that nearly every action in the Mass is simply illustrated, making the Mass easier to understand and to follow.—*M. S. B.*

Indulgence Quizzes to a Street Preacher. Published by Rev. Charles M. Carty,

"Radio Replies." St. Paul, Minn. 24 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

One of a series of apologetic pamphlets explaining the doctrine and position of the Catholic Church on various points. This series is based on actual questions answered over the radio in Sydney, Australia, by the Rev. Dr. Rumble, M.S.C. A good point is the use of homely, ordinary comparisons to bring out the real meaning of words and teachings so commonly not understood by non-Catholics.—*M. S. B.*

Magnificat. A Selection of Prayers for Mothers, Including Special Prayers to St. Raymond Nonnatus. Compiled by a Member of the Mercedarian Order. Published by St. Raymond's Guild, Milwaukee, Wis. 55 pages and cover.

No price is asked for this prayer pamphlet; a small offering to cover expenses should be sent. In our time when motherhood and childbearing are to a great extent ridiculed and condemned, any movement like St. Raymond's Guild deserves credit and support. Many a married woman and mother will welcome this little collection of prayers for the spiritual consolation and encouragement it will bring. Some of the special prayers it contains are: For a woman desiring a child; Thanksgiving after childbirth; A parent's prayer; A wife's prayer; Prayer of a mother whose child has died without baptism.

Address: St. Raymond's Guild, 719 S. Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

It's All So Beautiful. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 34 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

Many appreciate the external beauty of the Catholic Church, her symbols, her art, her architecture. Few really appreciate her real beauty as seen in her teachings and sacraments. Here some of that internal beauty is revealed.—*M. S. B.*

Atheism Doesn't Make Sense. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 41 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

Atheism professes to bring God to the trial of reason, or common sense, and then goes on to reject Him. Here Father Lord turns the tables and hauls atheism into the very same court. He demonstrates the unreasonableness of atheism.—*M. S. B.*



Catholic Comment



An unusual proof of the fact that much of the ignorance and prejudice against Catholics has been enlightened out of existence came from the South through the *Guardian* of Little Rock during January of this year. In the city of Russellville, Arkansas, the largest city between Little Rock and Fort Smith, there are about 75 Catholics, and up to recently these have been cared for spiritually by the pastor of the neighboring Atkins parish. The non-Catholic citizens of Russellville, realizing that the few Catholics could hardly buy property and build a church for themselves, put on a drive in which they collected \$1800 with which to buy property to be turned over to the Catholics for a Catholic church and school. The drive was sponsored by non-Catholics and the entire sum was donated by non-Catholics. We used to hear now and then that the South was the stronghold of bigotry, but that report must be entirely revised. As a matter of fact, the records of friendly deeds in either North or South will be searched long before a comparable act of generosity will be found. It is a tribute to Arkansas brotherliness, and very likely a public tribute as well to the fine example given by the few Catholics of Russellville.

© The great minds of France are busily occupying themselves with the problem of how to stop the continuous downward trend of the national birth-rate. For the past several years there have been more deaths than births in France (also England), whereas in both Germany and Italy the surplus of births over deaths goes annually between 300,000 and 400,000. One lesson the French learned by studying the methods of Hitler is that firm legal action taken against the practice of abortion will almost immediately affect the birth-rate. Before Hitler's rise to power, the birth rate in Germany was declining; he immediately closed all doctors' offices where illegal operations were being performed, a move that is credited with having the most to do with the upsurge of Germany's population. It is estimated that France swarms with shady physicians who are responsible for as many as 400,000 abortions a year. It would not be a totalitarian action to suppress this vile industry, because the law already condemns it as it must do for the protection of individuals and the safety of the State. Another means France is proposing to use is that of making marriage possible for young people in straitened circumstances by government loans, a part of which would be canceled with the birth of each child. It is interesting to note these efforts to offset the natural result of unnatural sins. The whole world will soon be forced to see that God's laws are not broken with impunity.

© The growth of arbitration in place of industrial war as a means of settling labor disputes is indicated by the report of the State Mediation Board of New York covering its activities for the year 1938. During that year, 122 industrial disputes were settled by mediation before a strike was called, while in only 12 cases did the Board fail to effect a settlement between the contending parties. Reports like these seem to indicate that we are advancing into the third phase of our industrial history. The first phase was that in which labor had nothing to say about its status; it took what it got, often a miserable pittance, and suffered in

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silence. The second phase was that in which labor awoke and began to speak up for its rights, and finding its voice unheeded, had to resort to strikes and other forms of pressure. The third phase, not fully realized as yet but developing gradually, is that wherein capital and labor talk things over together, each considering the other's point of interest and view. Pope Pius XI will not have lived and labored in vain if this ideal becomes a universal reality.

⊙
We like the vigorous and homely figurativeness of this prayer of a colored minister at the opening of a prayer meeting at a Southern turpentine camp, which was carried in the *Readers' Digest* some time ago: "Oh Lawd, give D'y servants dis mawning de eyes ob de eagle and de wisdom ob de owl. Connect his soul wid de gospel telephone in de central skies. 'Luminate his brow wid de sun ob beacon; turpentine his imagination, grease his lips wid possum oil. Loosen his tongue wid de sledge hammer of D'y power. 'Lectrify his brains wid de lightning of D'y word, put 'petual motion in his arms. Fill him plum full ob de dynamite of D'y glory; 'noint him all over wid de kerosene of D'y salvation, and den, deah Lawd, set him on fire." We like the prayer, but more than that, we like the simplicity and directness that are evident in almost all the spontaneous prayers said by negroes. It is not difficult for them to put themselves into almost immediate contact with God. It is only sad that they have so little opportunity of knowing Him exactly as He revealed Himself to man, through His Son, His Church and His great Sacramental system. The Catholic faith will have no more loyal children when it finally gathers the colored race to its ample bosom.

⊙
Here is what the Australian Catholic Action leader, Paul Maguire, has to say about the first duty of Catholics in the United States. The words appeared in *Columbia*: "All that I say here seems to me to represent a cynical view of the world. I am cynical, about politics and 'isms' and 'ists' and the policies of newspaper proprietors. I do not want to die for any one of them. Yet a lot of us will die, and probably like it at the time, for one or another of them, if we are not careful. There is going to be war, final and fatal and catastrophic war, sooner or later, if we Catholics do not do our job. Our job is to convert all these people to a decent set of moral values and to some sort of justice in international dealings. Catholic action is as important in international affairs as it is in domestic affairs. We want to convert Hitler and Stalin and all the lot of them . . . but for Americans I should think it more important for their safety and the safety of their sons to start by converting the gentlemen who own and write America's newspapers." What he has against the newspapers is this: "In the newspapers, war is now taken as an almost inevitable consequence of existing conditions, and if the newspapers are not trying to process the minds of American citizens to that conclusion, then their tone is unexplainable except on terms of pure panic."

⊙
For our fear-ridden times, here's a story with a moral: An Arab chief at the head of a caravan once came upon Pestilence, hurrying through the desert towards Bagdad. "Why," he asked of the grim specter, "must you hasten to Bagdad?" "To take 5,000 lives," was the answer. On the way back from the city, Pestilence met the Arab chief again. "You lied to me," said the chief, "instead of 5,000 lives you took 50,000." "No," answered Pestilence, "I took 5,000 and not one more. It was Fear who killed the rest." A large number of our modern pessimists and not a few of our fright-provoking advertisers are like Pestilence: they only start things; fear does the rest.

Lucid Intervals

Several years ago, Princeton University invited England's distinguished scholar, Prof. Walter Raleigh, whose direct ancestor was the original Sir Walter Raleigh, to lecture here. The man sent to meet the visitor at the station, not knowing what the professor looked like, walked about until he noticed a man of intelligent appearance gazing about somewhat bewilderedly. Approaching this man, he asked, "Excuse me, are you Walter Raleigh?"

The man blinked for a moment and then suspiciously backed away, saying in a conciliatory tone: "No, I'm Christopher Columbus. Walter Raleigh is out with Queen Elizabeth looking for a puddle."

*

"All those who would like to go to Heaven," said the Sunday school teacher, "please raise their hands."

(All did except one.)

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the teacher, "wouldn't you like to go to Heaven?"

"Naw," said Johnny. "Not if that bunch is goin'."

*

Professor: "My dear lady, may I ask whether you intend to hear my lecture on Buddhism?"

Lady: "Certainly I shall attend; you know I am very much interested in flowers."

*

Pat worked at a factory where they encouraged the staff to think of ideas for the smoother running of the business.

One morning he was shown into the chairman's office and announced that he had thought of a way of insuring that no one would be late in the future.

"That sounds good," said the chairman. "How do you propose to do it?"

"Sure, that's aisy, sir," said Pat; "the last man in blows the whistle."

*

Neighbor: "Where's your brother, Freddie?"

Boy: "He's in the house playing a duet. I finished first."

*

Man hit by automobile — speaks broken English.

An Irishman obtained leave from work to attend a wedding. He returned with two black eyes.

The foreman asked him what had happened.

"When I got there," replied the Irishman, "I saw a fellow all dressed up like a peacock. 'An' who are you?' says I. 'I'm the best man,' he says, an' begorra, he was, too!"

*

Dentist—You yelled like a wild man. I thought at least you had a little nerve.

Patient (nursing jaw)—I did. You'll find it in that tooth.

*

The small boy had fallen into the stream, but had been rescued.

"How did you come to fall in?" asked a bystander.

"I didn't come to fall in," the boy explained. "I came to fish."

*

Dentist: Can you take a lot of gas?
Irritable Patient: Naw, for Pete's sake, shut up!

*

Nervous passenger: "Don't drive so fast when we come to the corners. You scare me."

Taxi driver: "Do what I do when we come to a corner, lady — shut your eyes."

*

Sambo—He said yo' was what?

Rastus—Laconic.

Sambo—What do dat mean?

Rastus—Ah don't know, but Ah gave him one on de nose jest to be on de safe side.

*

Husband—You know, dear, your griddle cakes always remind me of a baseball game.

Wife—How's that, darling?

Husband—The batter doesn't always make a hit.

*

Mistress (to new maid): "Now, Norah, when you wait on the guests at dinner, please don't spill anything."

Norah: "No ma'am, I won't say a word."

A PARABLE

Once upon a time a young man faced life and did not know what to do. To marry he was not eager; for buying and selling he had little inclination; for prayer and the things of God he felt strong desires. He could not and did not aspire to the priesthood, and so was much harassed over wondering what to do.

One day a thought came to him and he said to himself: "I know what I shall do. I shall offer my services to others who, marked with the seal of Holy Orders and consecrated by vows to God, are serving and saving souls. I will give them my strength, my devotion and my life, in exchange for an opportunity to kneel betimes at their side and pray."

So he became the first lay-brother, consecrating himself by vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, dedicating his manhood to the material needs of those who stood at the altar and ascended into pulpits and sat in dark tribunals where sinners came to be healed. He was the first lay-brother, and in humble service and daily prayer he became a saint.

This is a tribute to the many lay-brothers who found greatness and happiness in the lowly tasks that endeared them to Christ, the Son of toil. It is also a suggestion to others who look on life stretching out before them and know not what to do. Perhaps we have an answer to the questions of their heart.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Newly Previewed

Blondie Meets the Bom
Flying Irishman
Jones Family in Hollywood, The
Lone Star Pioneers
Med Folket Foer Fosterlandet
(Swedish)
Mikado, The
Mystery of Mr. Wong, The
Renegade Trail, The
Songs and Saddles
Trigger Smith
Winner Take All

Previously Reviewed

Adventure in Sahara
Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
Adventures of Jane Arden
Almost a Gentleman
Arizona Legion
Arizona Wildcat, The
Ballerina (French)
Blondie
Boy Trouble
Bulldog Drummond's Secret
Police
Burn 'Em Up O'Connor
California Frontier
Charlie Chan in Honolulu
Christmas Carol, A
Cipher Bureau
Code of the Cactus
Come on Ranger
Convict's Code
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crowd Roars, The
Duke of West Point
Familjen Andersson (Swedish)
Father O'Flynn
Federal Man Hunt
Feri Mind Orult, A
(Hungarian)
Fighting Thoroughbreds
Flirting with Fate
Forbidden Music
Fram for Framgang (Swedish—
A.B.)
Frontiers of '49
Frontiersman
Gang Bullets

Girl Downstairs, The
Going Places
Golgotha
Great Man Votes, The
Gunga Din
Headleys at Home, The
Heart of the North
Hell's House
Home on the Prairie
Homicide Bureau
I Am a Criminal
Ice Follies of 1939
In Early Arizona
I was a Convict
Kentucky
Last Warning
Law West of Tombstone
Let Freedom Ring
Lily of Killarney
Little Adventures, The
Little Flower of Jesus
Little Orphan Annie
Little Princess, The
Little Tough Guys in Society
Little Women (Reissue)
Long Shot, The
Man With 100 Faces
Mind Your Own Business
Monastery
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation
Mr. Moto's Last Warning
Mysterious Miss X, The
Nancy Drew, Reporter
North of Shanghai
Orphans of the Street
Outlaws of the Prairie
Outlaw's Paradise
Outside of Paradise
Out West with the Hardys
Penrod and His Twin Brother
People of Bergalagen (Swedish)
Phantom Gold
Pirates of the Sky
Pride of the Navy
Ranger's Round-up
Red River Range
Renfrew of the Great White
Trail
Ride 'Em Cowgirl

Riders of Black Hills
Rio Grande
Rolling Westward
San Francisco (Reissue)
Santa Fe Stampede
Secret Service of the Air
Shine on Harvest Moon
Silver on the Sage
Six Gun Trail
Smashing the Spy Ring
Smiling Along
Snow White and The Seven
Dwarfs
Society Smugglers
Songs and Bullets
Spirit of Culver, The
Spring Madness
Stand Up and Fight
Storm over Bengal
Strange Case of Dr. Mende, The
Sundown on the Prairie
Sunset Trail, The
Sweethearts
Swing, Sister, Swing
Swing That Cheer
Swiss Miss
Symphony in the Mountains
(Viennese)
Terror of Tiny Town, The
Test Pilot
Texas Stampede
Thanks a Million (Reissue)
Thanks For Everything
Thundering West
Titans of the Deep
Tom Sawyer Detective
Torchy Gets Her Man
Tough Kid
Trigger Pals
Trouble in Sundown
Up the River
Water Rustlers
Western Jamboree
While New York Sleeps
Wild Horse Canyon
Wild Innocence
Wings of the Navy
You Can't Beat an Honest Man